ADMIRAL DEWEY ON HIS WAY HOME

From Drawings and Photographs made on the Spot

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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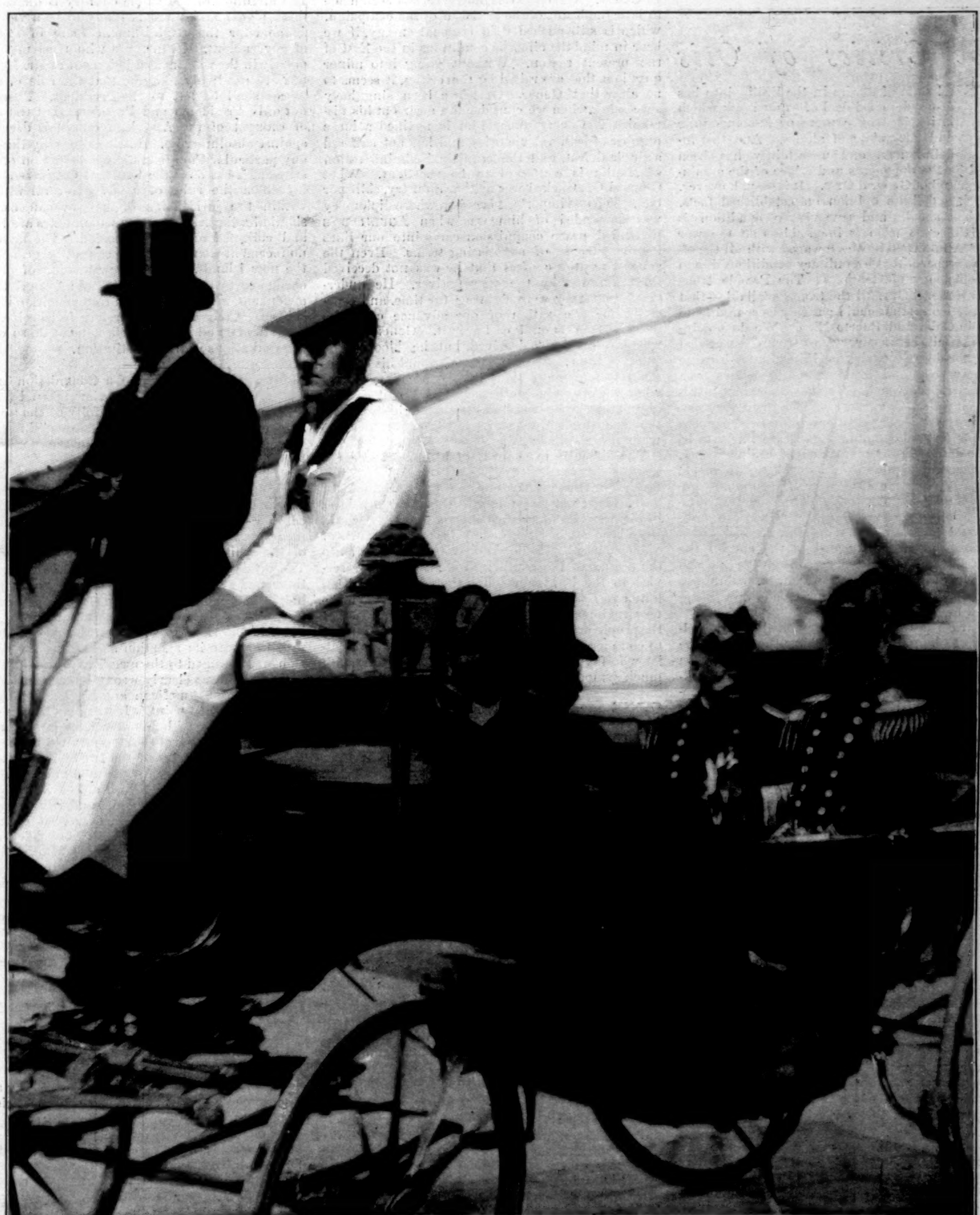

Lieut. Brumby, U. S. N. Frederick W. Hossfeld, U. S. Consul at Trieste. Admiral Dewey. Capt. Lamberton, U. S. N.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT TRIESTE.

PHOTOGRAPH RECEIVED FROM G. W. CARRYL, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 801.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 12, 1899

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The Critics of Otis

THE state of affairs in the Philippines has aroused a good deal of excited talk which is inspired by a more or less indefinite and hazy state of affairs. And this indefiniteness and uncertainty has been created by the opponents and critics of the administration and of General OTIS. It is easy, however, to reach a definite opinion on established facts, and when a calm and sane view of conditions is taken, the conclusion is inevitable that the war against AGUINALDO has been waged with all the effectiveness permitted by military conditions due to the inefficiency of Congress. The President has sent to General OTIS all the troops available—that is, all the troops that could possibly be spared from duties in Cuba and Puerto Rico. We do not include Hawaii, because very few troops are needed there; nor do we include the United States, because the army posts and fortifications here have been nearly stripped of men. To such an extent is this true that unless Congress provides for a very material increase in the artillery branch of the service, our forts and our new guns are likely to be greatly damaged for mere lack of ordinary care. If Congress had done its duty and had increased the regular army to 100,000 or 150,000 men, General OTIS might at least have had a sufficient number of troops long before this, and he and the country would not now be facing the necessity of a new campaign, to be opened at the end of the rainy season, with the few seasoned veterans who will be left to him after the discharged volunteers come home, and with the raw troops now being enlisted for him.

The truth is that prudence pointed out the advantage to be gained by finishing the war in the Philippines, if it were possible, with the force in hand. Congress refused to take action on the military needs of the government until the last moment, and when it adjourned the President knew that he would be without an adequate force as soon as Spain ratified the treaty of peace; for under the terms of enlistment the term of service of both the additional regulars and the volunteers expired with that event. The President was therefore contemplating the possibility that any day the signature of Spain to the treaty, which had already been ratified on our part, might leave him with only the old regular army of a little more than 25,000 men with which to carry on the war against AGUINALDO, garrison Cuba and repress the mutinous Cuban army, maintain order in Puerto Rico, and man the posts at home and in Hawaii. He had as an alternative the power to enlist 65,000 regulars and 35,000 volunteers, this extra force to serve for no more than two years and four months.

The splendid loyalty of the volunteers and additional regulars who were in the Philippines, and the brilliant successes of our arms which followed the breaking out of the new war in February, undoubtedly led the President, as it led the military authorities at Manila, to believe that the revolt would be put down without the necessity of resorting to the tardy and niggardly grant of men by Congress. Certainly it was true that if the new men were needed the war would be greatly prolonged while they were being enlisted, equipped, and drilled. It may be answered that time has proved the necessity of additional forces, and therefore six months that might have been utilized have been lost. This is not exactly true, for we fancy that the impression already made upon AGUINALDO and his forces will render the remainder of the army's task much less arduous than it has been, and that the mere enlistment and despatching of the new volunteers will be as good as several victories in the field.

The President has done the best he could with the means that Congress put into his hands. If any mistake has been made as to the number of troops required to put down the natives, it lies at the door of Congress, and is due to its refusal to increase the regular army to 100,000 men at the outbreak of the war with Spain. As to the general officers and the army under them, there is not the slightest evidence that they have not accomplished all that was possible. Several officers have added to distinction already won in Cuba, while other officers, like WHEATON, HALE, MACARTHUR, HALL, FUNSTON, and KOBBÉ, have written their names high on the roll of Americans who have achieved honor on the field of battle. The Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado regiments have done splendid service, while the regulars, in every action, have confirmed the confidence which the country learned to feel in them after the truth was told of the charges at San Juan Hill and at El Caney. General OTIS, however, has been made to bear the brunt of the criticism of the campaign, which is still pushed with unusual energy, if we bear in mind the climatic conditions in the East of the present season. Without going into minor questions that are raised by the critics, it seems to us clear that General OTIS has been singularly successful, when we consider the means at his disposal. The army under him has gained a large number of brilliant victories, and has not suffered a single defeat, and the municipal administration of Manila is confessed to be excellent. What General OTIS lacked was neither industry, skill, nor tact. The one important occasion where diplomacy was demanded of him was when AGUINALDO'S pretended peace commission came into our lines for the purpose of negotiating terms. Even the general's critics confess that he was not deceived for a moment by the wily natives. He understood that they were fighting for time, and especially for a cessation of our advance until the rainy season should call a halt. General OTIS was not only not deceived, but he blocked the game of the ingenious AGUINALDO and his emissaries. What ground, then, is there for his removal, when the only charge that can be brought against him is that he has not had men enough—a charge that is as foolish, when he is the object of it, as when it is levelled against the President?

The difficulty in the way of ultimate success is now being remedied by the enlistment of twelve new regiments. They will be regiments chiefly of green men; but green men will not be so useless in the presence of a defeated enemy as they would have been against the enemy in the first flush of his onslaught. Some doubt was expressed as to the ability of the country to secure men for service in the Philippines, but that doubt has been long ago set at rest by the rapidity with which the new regiments are filling up. The truth is that the people are behind the President's determination to conquer this insurrection, and the anti-imperialist who favors surrender is not likely to meet with much sympathy or to advance his cause.

THE announcement that Secretary ROOT is to devote most of his attention to determining the constitutional and legal relations between the United States and its new possessions is interesting. Mr. ROOT has already decided that the general government has no property rights, including street railway and other franchises, to dispose of, except in pursuance of legislation by Congress, and such legislation has not yet been enacted. Thus far it seems to have been carelessly assumed that the executive branch of the government has supreme control over subjects of this kind, but apparently there is to be a change; or rather there is to be a definitive announcement of the authority of Congress. Where this is to lead us is more or less a problem. It can be said, however, that if the new possessions are part of the territory of the United States, then Congress alone has authority to make all needful rules and regulations for their government. If they are to be treated as conquered territory, to be ruled outside of the Constitution, there is apparently no reason why the President should not govern without the authority of Congress; but this conclusion of the matter would not be at all in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, or with the character of our government, which presume that everything that is done in the way of government is done in accordance with the wishes of the people, and in obedience to the will of the people's representatives. The comparatively unimportant decision made by Mr. ROOT may indicate wide-reaching effects.

The President has necessarily had a free hand thus far, and has been obliged to act upon his own discretion, because Congress has neglected or declined to interfere. The time is coming, however, when Congress will feel compelled to assert its accustomed authority, and to enact the laws under which our outlying islands shall be administered. It cannot, for example, leave standing on the statute-books the provision which authorizes the President to exercise all the authority formerly exercised by the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the provisional governments of the Hawaiian Islands. That might go without question if our possessions were not so numerous. For thirty-two years we have owned Alaska, exercising over it a merely nominal jurisdiction, and really neglecting it, to the damage of all its good citizens, and to the encouragement of all the bad and lawless elements of its society. The absence of government in Alaska, and the evils resulting therefrom, have not called forth serious criticism. Certainly it has not aroused a public demand for action. But the state of affairs which has been acquiesced in in Alaska is not likely to be tolerated in Cuba, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. The attention of the whole country is directed to these places, and there is likely to be a vigorous demand for the establishment there of systems of government. Even those who trust most implicitly in the wisdom and judgment of Mr. MCKINLEY are not likely to agree that the rule of these places shall be left to the President. There are not only Presidents and Presidents, but the trend of thought of the American citizen is decidedly against absolute rule. Little as he may think of any particular Congress, his whole notion of government is based on the idea that Congress should lay down the rules of conduct for all who are within the jurisdiction of the government, and should fix the system under which taxes are levied and collected and laws enforced. The mere announcement that franchises cannot be granted in the new islands, except by permission of and in obedience to the requirements of a Congressional enactment, is likely to concentrate attention on this subject. Congress will therefore feel itself called upon to act, and when it acts it must do so under the limitations of the Constitution.

THE report of the Samoan Commission is precisely in line with the view taken by HARPER'S WEEKLY as to the folly of the attempt to rule the islands by a partnership of three powers. The trouble which ended in the conflict between the MATAAFA and TAMASESE parties of natives demonstrated anew the impossibility of the tripartite arrangement. Not only were the natives at war with one another, but their quarrel was aided, and the bloody conflict which followed was made possible, by the failure of the representatives of the white powers to agree with one another. There was a conflict of commercial interests, and there was also a conflict of religious sentiments to help along the dispute. The German representative, who of course had a perfect right to his opinion, and the right to give expression to it, and to seek to secure its adoption so long as the discussion was confined to the members of the protective commission, was clearly wrong in carrying his opposition to the American and English representatives beyond that point. It was his duty, in other words, to agree with his associates when he was outvoted. His refusal to do so resulted in the fight between the followers of the two claimants to the throne, in the killing of white men and natives, including American and British officers and seamen, in the bombardment of Apia, and in an international difficulty which might have resulted in war if his government had been as hot-headed as he was. The Commissioners for the United States, Great Britain, and Germany have now agreed in recommending the abolition of the kingship. In the course of their report they say: "*We take this opportunity of recording our opinion that the only natural and normal plan of government for these islands, and the only system which can assure permanent prosperity and tranquillity, is a government by one power.*"

THE arbitration treaty proposed by the Peace Conference at The Hague has been signed by sixteen powers. It will doubtless be signed by the United States also as soon as the Senate meets, for ratification of the treaty is not to be doubted. The whole world is now thinking a philosophy which is modern, civilized, and Christian. It has been recognized as a truth that peace is the duty of nations, and that the peaceful method of arbitration is the way out of difficulties and contentions. The Peace Conference at The Hague is, therefore, the greatest human agency for civilization that has ever assembled, and the American delegates should be made to realize by the manner of their reception on their home-coming that their fellow-citizens recognize with gratitude the value of their efforts for the suppression of barbarism.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S veracious narrative of the rise and procession of the Rough Riders has been the means of bringing a new sensation into the experience of the London *Daily Chronicle's* reviewer. He says, "We have never before met such vanity in print from one who was notoriously a brave soldier." He thinks that no modest person could read Colonel Roosevelt's book without a qualm.

The *Chronicle* does not seem to understand Colonel Roosevelt, or to appreciate how many men there are of him. Each of us is of a dual or triple individuality, and in Colonel Roosevelt the several individuals which make up the man are exceptionally distinct, numerous, independent, and lively. There is Roosevelt the soldier, Roosevelt the historian, Roosevelt the politician, and divers others. Each takes an enormous interest in everything, and incidentally in all the component Roosevelts. Roosevelt the practised historian writes about Roosevelt the soldier with the same enthusiasm he would feel in writing about any other soldier, and Roosevelt the politician shows a warm and kindly interest in having the soldier and the historian get their due when the whole man runs for office. No one who reads our Governor's war stories, and thinks of him as merely one person, can possibly do him justice. He must be viewed in squads and platoons, and credit given or denied to him according to the harmoniousness and effectiveness of his evolutions. A regiment is not considered vain because the colonel proclaims that every man did his duty. Neither is it fair to call the Governor of New York vain because the author of the *Winning of the West* tries to do justice to the colonel of the Rough Riders. There is no question about Roosevelt's interest in the composite Roosevelt, but it is a catholic sentiment, based on a confidence which is a sign of strength, as well as on a childlike capacity for enthusiasms. Best of all, it is not incompatible with confidence in other men and warm appreciation of their merits.

In this issue of the WEEKLY is presented an attractive picture of a Roosevelt who is neither a soldier, a Governor, nor a historian, but an exemplary domestic character who lives at Oyster Bay, Long Island, rides a bicycle, and splits kindling-wood and rails with the axe which rests upon his shoulder. There has never been much in print about this Roosevelt, and there need not be, for the picture speaks for itself.

IT is so very unusual for an American of wealth and social position to give up his privileges as an American citizen that the recent defection of Mr. William Waldorf Astor has called out an immense deal of comment. In the last century and a quarter not more than a handful of American citizens of standing have swapped their flag for any other. During the Revolution many Tories left the country, but most of them merely continued to be British subjects, and as they never accepted citizenship from the republic, they never renounced it. Count Rumford (Sir Benjamin Thompson), who was perhaps the most famous of the Americans who sided with King George, left the country in 1776 as the messenger of the Governor of Massachusetts to London. He never returned, but though for years he was the Prime Minister of the Elector of Bavaria, he continued all his life to be a British subject, never renouncing the allegiance to which he was born. After the civil war some Southerners, like Judah P. Benjamin, became British subjects, but in Mr. Benjamin's case there were said to be personal as well as political reasons of weight which made England an agreeable home to him, and possibly kept him there. After Tammany's collapse Mayor Hall became a British subject, and no doubt there are a good many other cases of lesser note where the change of citizenship was made as matter of convenience.

A good many Germans have come to this country, made their fortunes here, and gone home in their old age to end their lives in the country of their birth. No doubt some of them have renewed their allegiance to the Emperor, but it has made no stir, especially since they have usually left their children behind them. The Astors, as every one knows, came from Germany, and it is worth noting that Mr. Waldorf Astor, in leaving us, has not returned to the old allegiance, but has become an Englishman. There is some significance in that, and it is worth considering whether descendants of persons of German birth, after speaking the English language and being steeped in English law and literature in America for some generations, do not respond more readily to the influences of London than to those of Berlin.

As for Mr. Astor's transfer of his allegiance, it surprises no one, and scarcely any one will be distressed by it. The circumstances that have led to it are not really so unusual as they seem. He went to England to live four or five years ago, for the same reason that hundreds of thousands of Europeans have come to this country—he wished to better his condition. He finds, apparently, that he has bettered it, and he proposes to stick to the flag under which his mind is most easy and his digestion works best. Without disparagement to anything British, most of us think of him as a hopelessly wrong-headed person, lacking in discrimination and philosophy. Still, in giving up his American birthright he had only done what American women do by scores and hundreds. The wonder is that so very few American men have heretofore yielded to attractions that appeal so strongly to the feminine mind.

THE report that Lady Randolph Churchill intends to take to herself a new husband may be contradicted before this issue of the WEEKLY reaches its readers, but it is an interesting report, and seems well founded. Lieutenant Cornwallis-West, who is credited with surprising our brilliant country-woman's mature affections, is a young man (about the age of her eldest son), the son of a mother of renowned beauty, and doubtless an attractive person. Lady Randolph was born rather early in the latter half of the present century, and was married in 1874. She made Lord Randolph Churchill a good wife, doing her full duty by him, and adorning the position in British politics and society which her marriage made possible and her own wits won. She is still beautiful, and still energetic and ambitious; and having several more decades of life before her, it is perhaps not surprising that she should make this provision for her future. That she was not yet ready to live on her memories and her record became recently apparent when she started that queer publication, the *Anglo-Saxon Magazine*. It is not usually considered prudent for a woman to marry a man young enough to be her son, but the thing has sometimes been done (*vide Henry Esmond*) without disaster, and Lady Randolph is a remarkable woman, and warranted, no doubt, in essaying some exploits which might daunt the prudent.

THE newspapers report that the literary lecture-field in America, which of late years has been so nearly monopolized by distinguished itinerant Europeans, is to be invaded next winter by Mr. Howells. He will give a series of lectures, the papers say, and will unfold in our great cities his ideas and theories about the novel, and discuss other matters germane to his profession. We all know Mr. Howells. He does not wear his hair long; he is not a curiosity; he will not burst upon our view through a papered hoop; he did not fight in the war with Spain nor write *David Harum*; he cannot ride a bucking bronco, and his pen is no bloodier than the contemporary sword. But no American writer has more to say that is worth hearing about literature than he has, and none occupies so distinguished a place in our republic of letters. If there is a harvest to be gathered in the literary lecture-field in this country, Mr. Howells ought to be the man to get it in.

AMERICANS, when they read the bumptious I-am-the-state ebullitions of authority in which it so delights the German Emperor to indulge, often wonder how much of William's assumption of divinely bestowed authority is based on legal facts, and how much on personal assurance. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* sheds some light on this point in a letter dated July 12, in which he tells of the recent curious decision of the German Supreme Court in a case of *lèse-majesté*. The culprit, a Socialist editor, criticised the last speech from the throne at the opening of the Reichstag in a way that displeased the Emperor. The court held that there were portions of the speech in which the Emperor spoke in his official capacity as Emperor-President of the Confederated German States, and that there were other passages in which he merely expressed his personal views. To criticise the Emperor's official utterances the court held to be lawful, but it confirmed the editor's sentence of four months' imprisonment because the law of *lèse-majesté* protects the Emperor's personal concerns from criticism, and the editor must have known very well that "in the passages where the Emperor spoke of intimidation of workmen and of the anarchist propaganda," his Majesty was expressing his personal opinion.

The humor of this decision will be apparent to the American reader, though it is not certain that it was fully appreciated by the Socialist editor. The decision sets up a principle as to the imperial speeches from the throne which the *Times* correspondent believes to be entirely new. That such a decision could be made is due, he thinks, to the concentration of German intelligence upon military, material, and scientific interests, and to consequent indifference to politics and the defence of constitutional liberty. Matters will mend soon in that respect, he believes, and he looks for plain speaking when the adjourned session of the Reichstag is resumed in November. The Emperor is now at loggerheads with the Reichstag over the "Penal Servitude Bill," which makes more severe the punishment of certain offences in connection with strikes and labor struggles. The Reichstag refused to send the bill to committee, and was adjourned; but the bill will come up again in November. By the terms of the German constitution the Emperor has by no means the autocratic powers in the concerns of the German Empire that he is so prone to assume. The Reichstag and the Federal Council have authority enough to keep him in check, if only they have resolution enough to use it.

THE only regiment of volunteers from the Eastern end of the country which has fought and bled in the Philippines is the Tenth Pennsylvania, which reached San Francisco, homeward bound, on the transport *Senator* on August 1. A great reception awaits the regiment in Philadelphia, where a large amount of money has been raised to give it a welcome, but its home-coming is saddened by the death of its commander, Colonel Alexander Leroy Hawkins. The *Senator* entered San Francisco Harbor with her flag at half-mast, and it was learned that Colonel Hawkins died aboard of her on July 18, two days after the ship left Yokohama. His body was brought home.

Colonel Hawkins had commanded the Tenth Regiment for ten years. He was born in 1845, went to the civil war in 1862 as a private in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was a Captain when he was mustered out in 1866. He went into business in Pittsburg, but later became a farmer in Washington County. He became a Captain in the Tenth Regiment in 1887, and served with his company in that year in the Pittsburg riots. Two years later (February, 1889) he was chosen Colonel of the regiment, and was in command of it during a strike in the coke regions in 1891. At the Homestead strike he commanded a brigade, and he was one of the officers sued unsuccessfully after the strike, by Private Iams, the soldier who was strung up by the thumbs for calling for "three cheers for the man who shot Frick."

DR. DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON, of Philadelphia, who died on July 31, was well known to men of science for his important ethnological and philological researches. He was born in 1837, was graduated at Yale, studied medicine, and served all through the civil war, first as surgeon, and later as superintendent of military hospitals. After the war he settled in Philadelphia, and eventually became Professor of Ethnology and Archæology in the Academy of Natural Sciences, and Professor of American Archæology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania. As a pioneer in the field of American-Indian literature he accomplished, by years of labor, work which is held by his fellow-scholars to be of signal importance and value. The materials for further study which he gathered are of a value only to be appreciated by persons skilled in ethnology. His collection of books and manuscripts relating to the aboriginal languages of North and South America he gave, not long ago, to the University of Pennsylvania.

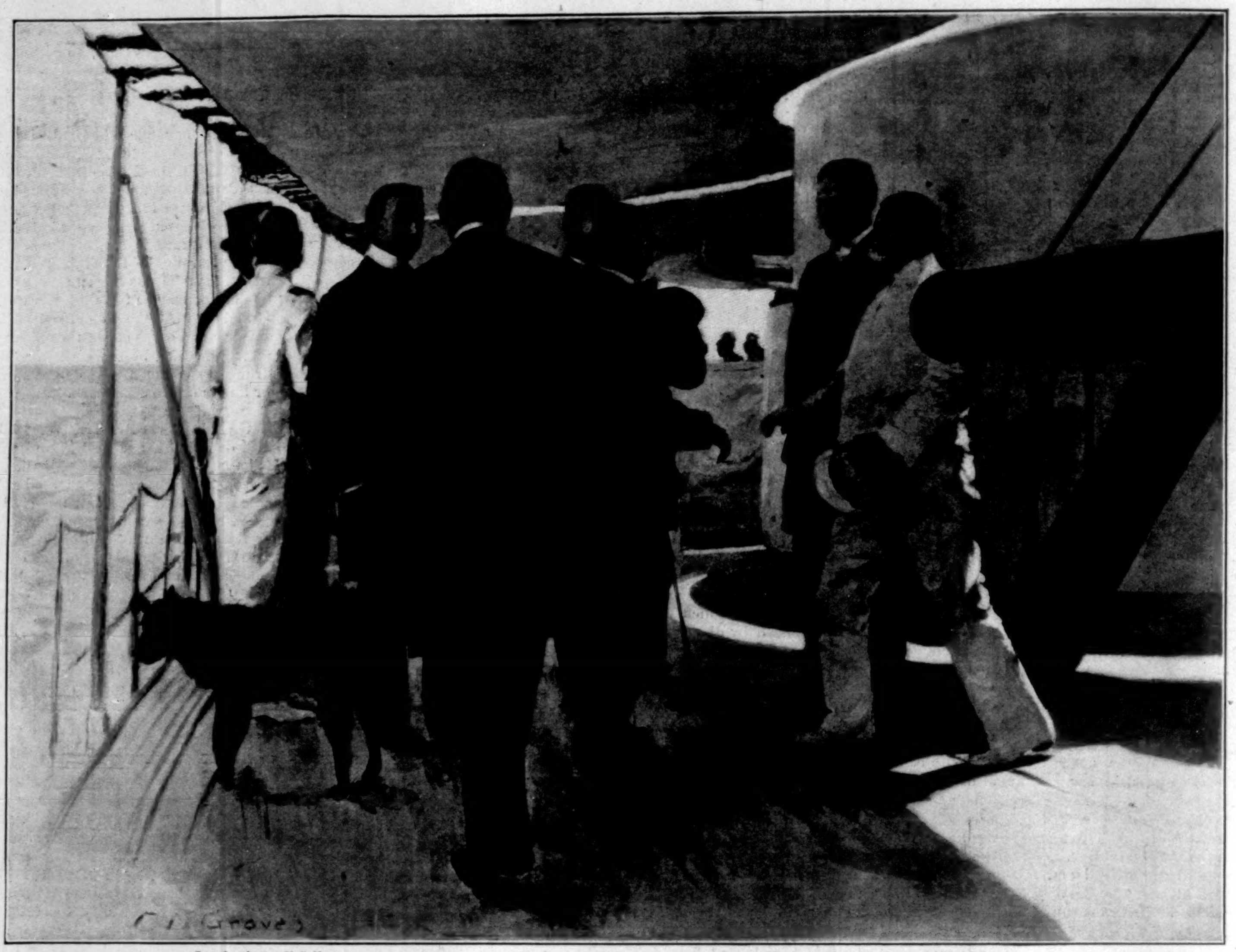
IT is reported that the Pennsylvania Railroad has worked out the old-age-pension problem in so far as itself is concerned. The details of its solution have not transpired yet, but the understanding is that at seventy years of age retirement will be compulsory, and that employees who are not so old as that, but have served the company thirty years, will be entitled to the benefits of the fund if the committee in charge of it so report. Whether or not the pension fund is to be contributed in part by the employees themselves is not yet clear, but it is stated that it will cost the company $300,000 a year to put the system into operation and make it effective. There is already an employees' relief fund in connection with the road. The pension and superannuation fund will not interfere with that, but will be administered in harmony with it. The amounts of pensions to be paid will be determined by length of service and average wages received by the employee.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is in many particulars an exemplary corporation, whose lead is followed, and any conclusions which it arrives at in dealing with such a problem are sure to receive close attention from very many other important corporations. What that road regards as good management may be expected to excite imitation.

THERE is a strong sentiment at Harvard in favor of a three years' course in college. Professor C. L. Smith, of Harvard, expressed it the other day at the annual meeting of the American Philological Association in New York, when he argued, in a paper read before the association, that the four years' course was out of date, and belonged to a time when boys entered college at fourteen or fifteen, and had ample time after graduating to study a profession and be ready to practise it at twenty-one. Any inquirer may satisfy himself with very little trouble that a lad who graduates nowadays at seventeen or eighteen from a good preparatory school has amassed about as much book-learning as was acquired by the bachelor of arts of fifty years ago. The preparatory schools have made great advances and lengthened their courses. The professional schools, most of which are of comparatively recent origin, have also lengthened their courses, so that it takes from three to five years now to make a doctor or a lawyer. The term of human life, however, has not been lengthened, and a boy who enters school at twelve or thirteen, and enters college at seventeen or eighteen, is very apt to find his life pretty nearly half over before he is able to begin to earn money by the practice of his profession.

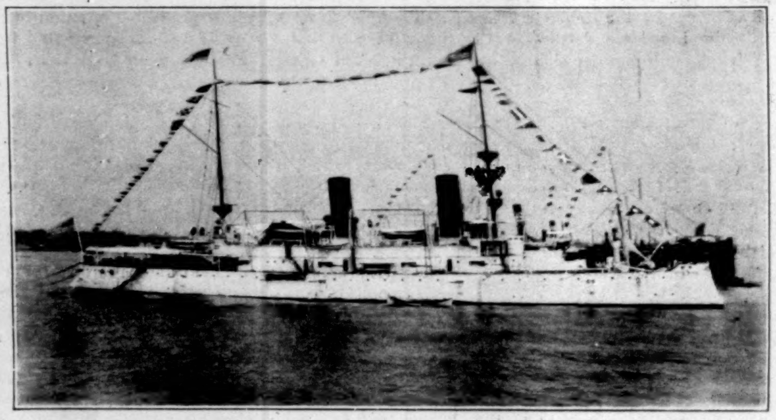
Four years in college is not too long for lads who can afford it, and a great many *can* afford it, and profit by it. For those who have less time and money to spare the three-year course is obviously attractive. Harvard permits students to graduate in three years, provided they give timely notice of their intention, and can accomplish the minimum of work required for the four years' course.

THE news last week of the grave illness of Mr. Carl Schurz from ptomaine poisoning came almost simultaneously with the announcement that he was better and would recover. Very prompt medical action and his own strong vitality seem to have saved his life. The honors that were paid to Mr. Schurz last March, on his seventieth birthday, and again in June, when Columbia University made him an LL.D., attest how high a place he holds in public esteem. His illness excited wide concern, and the news of his improvement has been proportionately gratifying.

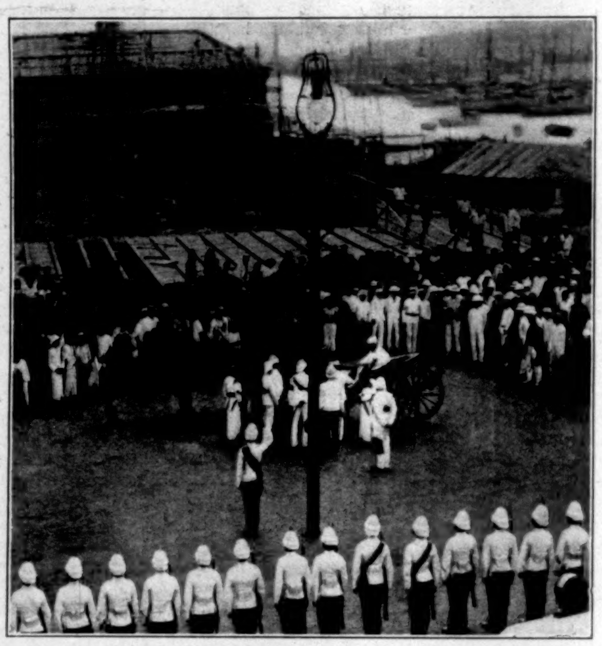


Capt. Lamberton, U. S. N. — Mr. Harris, American Minister. — Admiral Dewey.

THE ADMIRAL RECEIVING THE AMERICAN MINISTER ON THE "OLYMPIA."
DRAWN BY C. D. GRAVES FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE "OLYMPIA" AT COLOMBO, CEYLON, DRESSED IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



ADMIRAL DEWEY LANDING AT COLOMBO.

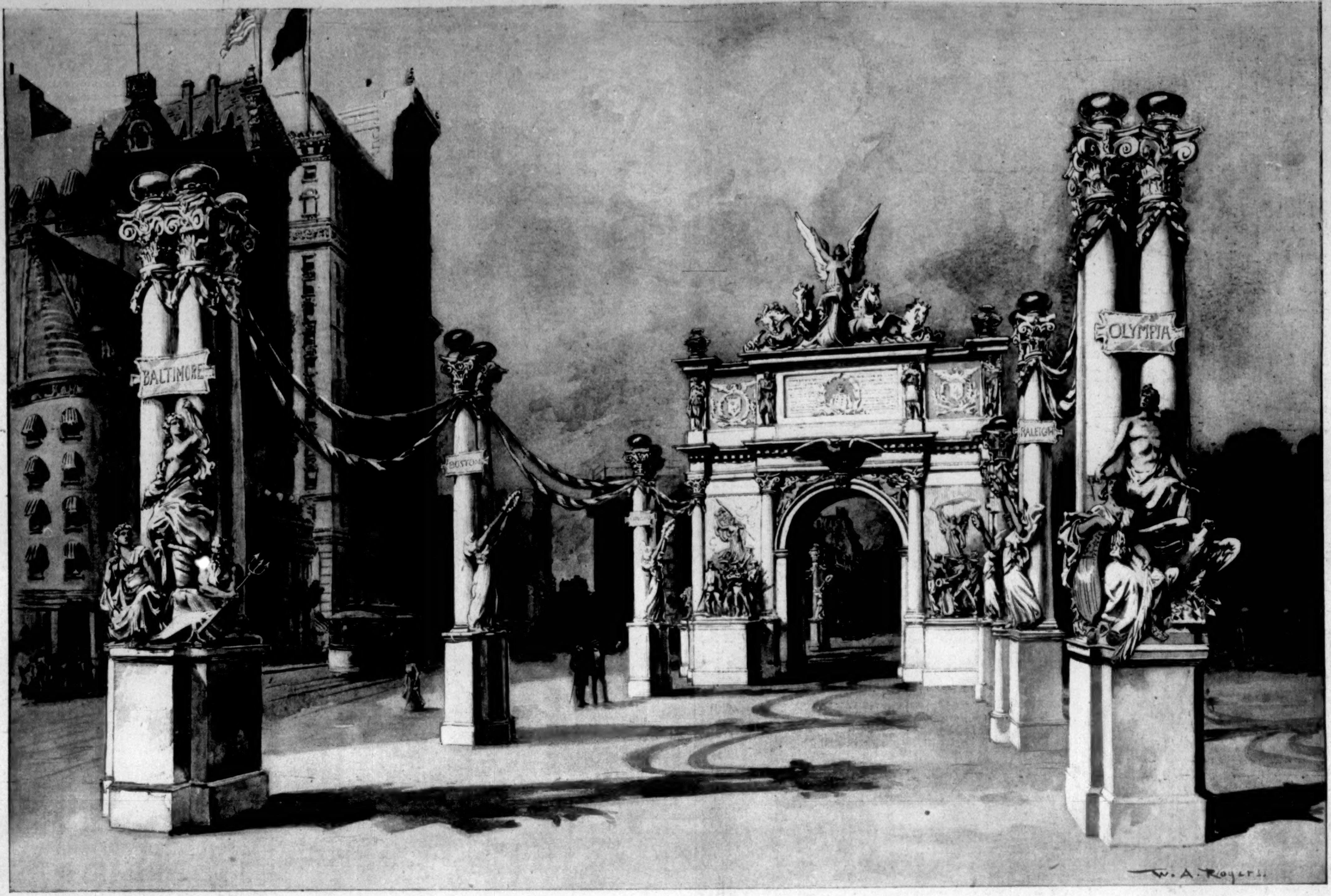
Hon. Addison C. Harris, American Minister. — Mr. Herdliska, First Secretary. — Capt. Beehler, U. S. N., Naval Attache. — Representative Foss.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL CALLERS.

ADMIRAL DEWEY DISCOVERS A PHOTOGRAPHER AFTER AN OFFICIAL VISIT.

ADMIRAL DEWEY HOMEWARD BOUND—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.

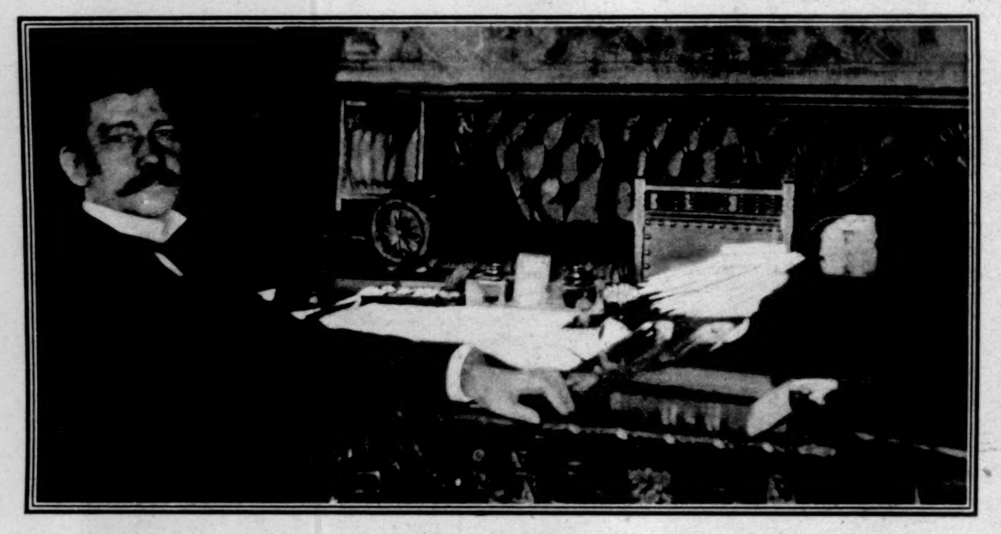
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.



HONORING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE PROPOSED TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND COLONNADE AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTIONS BY THE ARCHITECT, CHARLES R. LAMB.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

GENERAL ALGER CONGRATULATING SECRETARY ROOT.—Drawn by Clifford Carlton from an Instantaneous Photograph.



SECRETARY-OF-WAR ROOT SEATED AT HIS DESK AFTER BEING SWORN IN.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT ON A VACATION AT HIS COUNTRY HOME.

Photograph taken especially for Harper's Weekly by James Burton.—[See Page 785.]

Mr. Root's Installation

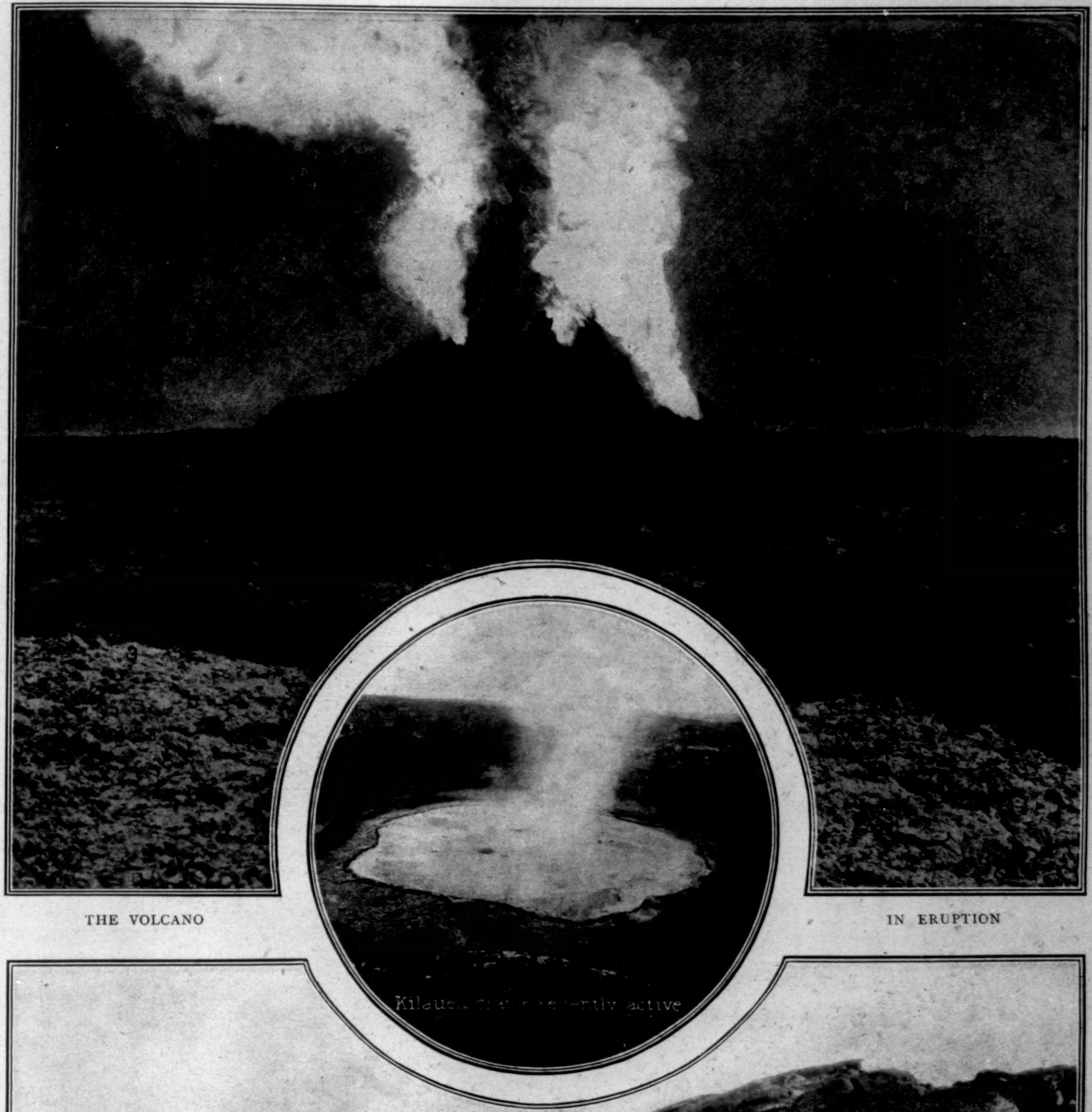
Washington, D. C.

ELIHU ROOT, of New York, was installed as Secretary of War, in place of Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, resigned, on Tuesday, August 1. Usually such changes are accompanied with little or no ceremonial, but the peculiar circumstances of Secretary Alger's retirement inspired the authorities of the War Department with the idea of marking their farewell to him with some formalities. The retiring Secretary had invited his successor to drive with him to the department. Meanwhile there had gathered in his inner office a group, including Secretaries Gage and Hitchcock, Assistant-Secretary Meiklejohn, Adjutant-General Corbin, and Judge Cole of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to whom had been assigned the administration of the oath of office to the new Secretary.

The whole party passed, Secretary Alger leading, into the large anteroom, which was already well filled with spectators. Standing near one corner of the centre table, Judge Cole read the oath of office prepared by the Department of State, and Mr. Root made the appropriate response. General Corbin stepped forward with the commission for the new Secretary and delivered it to Mr. Alger, while Judge Cole executed the jurat on the written copy of the oath after Mr. Root had formally attached his signature. The pen which figured in this part of the ceremony was retained by Chief-Clerk Scofield of the War Department as a souvenir. The first person to congratulate the new Secretary was Judge Cole, and the second, Mr. Alger, who said, with much feeling, as he shook the hand of his successor: "With all my heart I congratulate you and the administration. You will find around you here men who will help you in the arduous duties of your position. May God bless you and give you strength!"

The other members of the cabinet present now offered their congratulations, and were followed by Assistant-Secretary Meiklejohn, General Corbin, and Mr. Scofield. Mr. Alger then presented to Mr. Root his commission as Secretary, saying: "This instrument marks the loss of your identity and the restoration of mine. You become 'Mr. Secretary,' while I am made once more Mr. Alger, a sovereign citizen of the United States." Mr. Alger presented General Miles to Mr. Root.

After luncheon Mr. Root, accompanied by Mr. Mason, confidential clerk to the Secretary of War, formally returned the visits of the other cabinet officers. The next morning he made a brief tour of the department, calling on General Miles and several of the bureau chiefs, with each of whom he conversed a short time on the special duties of his bureau, so as to get, as he afterward expressed it to the writer, a closer view of the working of the great machine. He then seated himself at his desk, and attacked the routine business of his office as if he had filled it for eighteen months instead of as many hours.



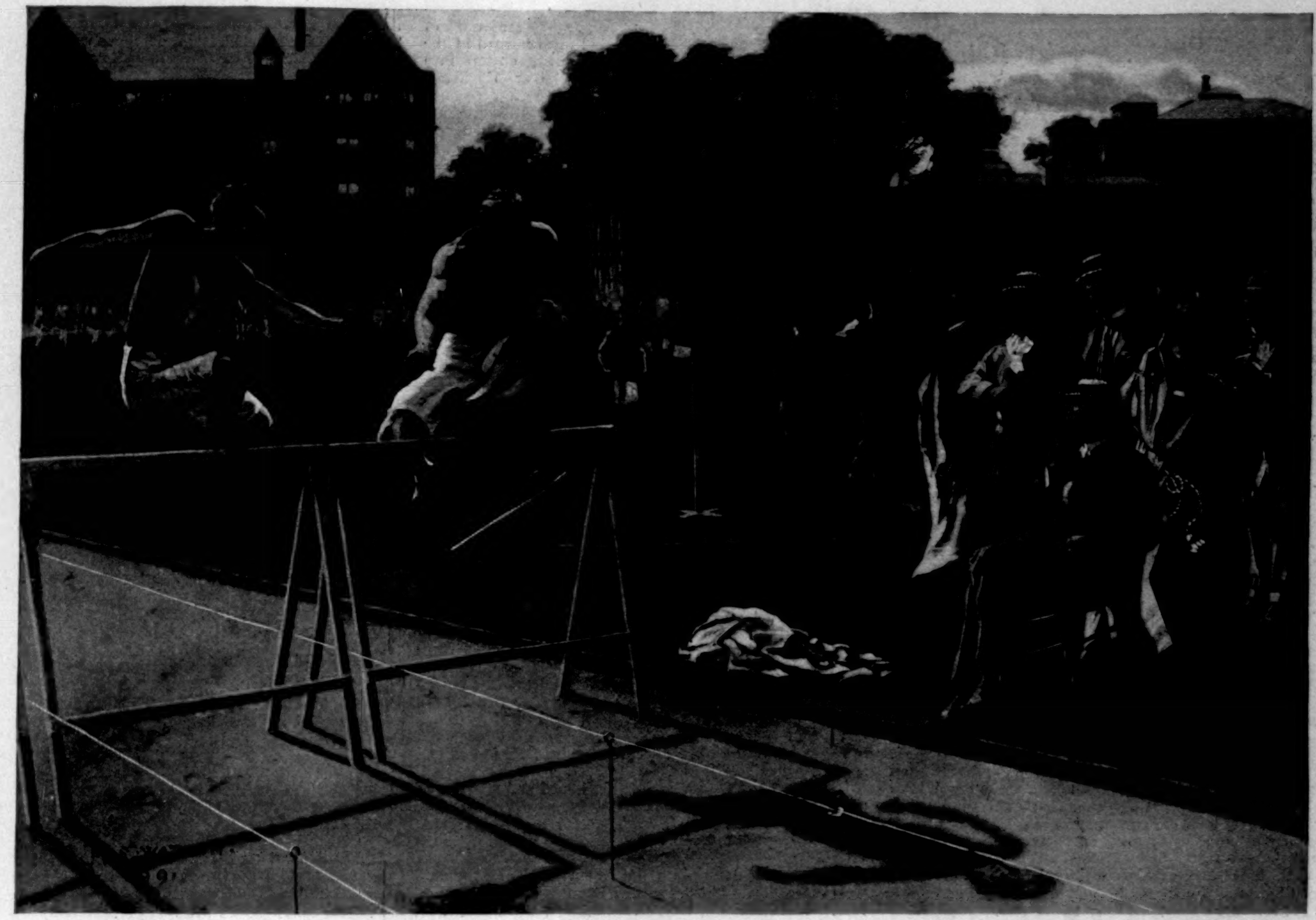
THE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

LAVA CASCADE, CRATER OF MOKUAWEOWEO.

HAWAII—THE ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA, JULY 4.—[See Page 801.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE CLEVELAND TROLLEY STRIKE—A NON-UNION PASSENGER HOLDS A RECEPTION ON BROADWAY!

Drawn from Life by Lucius Hitchcock.



THE RECORD-BREAKERS. *By John Corbin*

I.

CULVER was interrupted in his reading by a knock on his study door. He decided not to answer it; yet he paused to notice that his lamp, which he had filled at midnight, was flickering, and that a ray of sunshine was struggling into the room in spite of the blanketing on his windows. There was another knock, and a series of thunderous bangs. Finally a heavy shoulder lunged against the ancient oak panelling and the door burst open. It was Upham.

"Wake up, man—are you deaf?" he laughed, overflowing with the spirits of the morning. Then, as he looked about the room, "What! reading all night?" He went to the table and took up Culver's teapot. "Drinking again!" he said, with a rueful jest. He picked up Culver's book and read the title: *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. The Canterbury Pilgrimage.* "I've known many a good athlete to break training," he said, "but you're the first that ever drank tea and read *Hoot mon* dialects when he wanted to go on a bat." Neither laughed at this intended pleasantry; and Upham, sitting upon the arm of Culver's chair, put both hands on his shoulders. "What do you mean, man," he said, seriously. "Do you know that if Drummond heard of your breaking training like this he would have to fire you off the team?"

It was a moment before Culver was able to speak. "You know how I fizzled out in my race, after everybody had said I would make the team. I have had to break training for good. Don't rub it into me."

Upham's honest face beamed with understanding. "I have the honor," he said, "of bearing you an important communication. Drummond decided last night that all three of us quarter-milers are too good to lose, so you will be expected to get yourself into condition to run in the dual games."

"You mean I have been taken to the training-table?"

"Yes."

In ten seconds Culver was standing in his bath-tub, sousing his poor tired head in cold water.

"There is one thing more," Upham added, as he chafed Culver's back with a crash towel. "Drummond is going to have a private trial for the quarter-mile record, and he asked me to get you to hold the pistol for him."

To Culver, who had a boy's inclination toward hero-worship, Drummond was the strongest and best of all the men he had known. His object in trying for the team had been the chance of making a friend of him; and for this, to the surprise of all his classmates, he had left his world of books and pictures and music, and had given up his old habit of reading all night under the influence of strong tea; and now, even when, in his hasty, headlong way, he had accepted failure, the prospect of Drummond's friendship—the only friendship he had ever desired—lay open before him.

Amid the jollity of the first breakfast at the training-table Culver was silent and dispirited for the lack of sleep; and when Drummond took an orange in each hand and stepped out of the dining-room window he followed, and the two stretched themselves side by side on the lawn in the shade of the lilacs.

"Cheer up, old man. What's the matter?" Drummond said, with a friendly laugh.

"Nothing," said Culver. And then, overcome by his sense of wrong-doing, he told his captain what he had done the night before, and how he had given way to the seeming failure of his ambition. "Upham said that if you knew it you wouldn't want me on the team," he concluded.

Drummond laughed at him in his wholesome, kindly way. "If you ever throw up the sponge like that again," he said, "we'll have to fire you quick as a wink; but this time doesn't count. It was all of a piece with your letting Upham finish ahead of you—a matter of nerves and temperament. I know what that is; and I know that without such nerves a man can't run any more than that dear old mud-horse of an Upham, who never yet won a race nor lost one. Keep your nerves under, old fellow, when they're not wanted, and at the right time they'll bring you out on top. That's why you were taken on the team in spite of your being beaten."

Culver choked back the gratitude and loyalty he felt, and by so doing learned his first lesson in self-control.

The college bell began ringing for the first lecture of the morning, and the rest of the team came out and gathered about Drummond. He looked up at them as he lay drawing a great lilac across his nose; and when they took him by the arms and pulled him to his feet, he loitered off with them along the lilac-bordered lane.

Culver was left standing alone. There seemed always a lazy gang of fellows about Drummond, who took all his time with their empty good comradeship, without ever really caring for him, or realizing anything of the true character of the man. As Culver went down a bypath toward his room to make up the sleep he had lost, it seemed as if he alone felt the best there was in Drummond, and in a blind anger at the fellows who stood between him and his friends, he longed for a chance to prove his greater sympathy, his greater confidence.

II.

ON the afternoon of Drummond's trial for the record knots of students gathered on the field, earnestly discussing his chance of success. It was the general opinion that, except perhaps for the fact that he was always slow in starting, he had everything in his favor.

As Culver walked out with Drummond to the scratch he was pale with nervous excitement; not even in his own races had he suffered such pain of anticipation. Yet in Drummond's eyes he noticed a steady fire was kindling.

"This is the day," said Drummond, gripping his running-corks, "that we get a quick start. Give the words sharply and at equal distances."

A sprinter was to start with Drummond and pace him around the first turn, and at the middle of the back stretch were two more, who were to run by his side in his final struggle. Culver pulled himself together, steadied his voice, and gave the word:

"Get on your marks!"

There was an interval of a second or two.

"Get set!"

Drummond braced himself for the spring.

Another interval of two seconds, and Drummond's calf trembled for the bound. He leaped into the race, a good two yards ahead of his pace-maker, the pistol flashing simultaneously.

Fifty yards out the pace-maker swung into the lead, but before reaching the relay of pace-makers he gave place again to Drummond. Yet he had caught the excitement, and ran so far beyond his distance that he staggered from exhaustion, and fell on the grass to avoid plunging on the cinders of the track. Drummond clinched his teeth at this point, and seemingly increased his speed, running shoulder to shoulder with his pace-makers. At the finish he staggered and fell into the trainer's arms. With a cheer the crowd closed about him, raised him to their shoulders, and carried him back to the gymnasium.

After a moment's consultation the timers announced that the record had been broken, but by the narrowest possible margin, the difference between a quarter and a fifth—merely a twentieth of a second. In a race this would be equal to scarcely more than a foot.

As the fellows left the field Culver heard the man who had paced Drummond talking in a low voice:

"I can't understand how Drummond came to beat me off the marks. The more I think it over, the surer I am that Culver let him get a fake start; and, what's more, I think Drummond intended that he should. Of all things, a private trial ought to be honestly conducted."

Culver made two strides toward him, his eyes blazing; but his good sense checked him, and in five minutes he had thrust from his mind what seemed an insult too low for resentment. Yet those words were destined to recur to him many times before the season's racing was over.

III.

THE two weeks before the dual game seemed to Culver scarcely an hour, yet the afternoon of the race found him in far better physical condition for even a short period of careful training.

The rule is strict that contestants shall lie on the mattresses in the gymnasium; but when the clerk of the course called, "All out for the trial heats in the high hurdles!" Culver got up and laced on Drummond's running-shoes. Then he went out upon the porch of the gymnasium and stood beside a group of the visiting athletes, while Drummond strolled across the grass in his long towel wrapper.

The man who had paced Drummond in the trial was already on the porch. He looked askance at Culver, and said, "I hope Drummond will get as good a start to-day as you gave him."

Culver turned quickly, but just then Mr. Hatch, the instructor in athletics, came up.

"Here, Culver, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Watching the high hurdles."

"You've been told time and again to lie flat on your back till your own race comes on. You'll need every ounce of your strength for the quarter-mile."

"HE FELL ACROSS THE TAPE . . ."

Culver hesitated, then went up stairs and stepped out on the narrow balcony. He lay down and settled his head upon his elbow just as the pistol flashed for Drummond's first heat over the hurdles.

Though Drummond had no difficulty in winning, it did not escape Culver that he was last of all to start. For a moment a bitter question rose, but after a struggle he ignored it.

When the final heat in the high hurdles was called, Culver slipped out of the gymnasium and followed Drummond to the mark. He was far more nervous than if his own race were coming on, and scanned the hurdles anxiously, as if to make sure they were accurately placed. Presently his anxious eyes fell on Drummond, and he observed that his friend had stretched out impassively upon his back, his clear gray eyes resting pleasantly among the golden lights of the willow branches.

"Is everybody here?" shouted the starter.

Culver followed Drummond to the scratch, and knelt to chafe the leg from which he sprang in taking the bars.

"The other is the take-off leg," suggested Drummond, smiling.

Culver reddened for his nervousness, and dropped his head as he changed his hands and rubbed away briskly at the left leg and thigh.

"See here, Culver, what's got into you?" demanded Mr. Hatch, who had come up to say a parting word to Drummond. "I'll have you court-martialled."

"I'm putting Drummond over the hurdles."

Mr. Hatch laughed and said nothing, evidently deciding that it was better for Culver to worry about Drummond's races than about his own.

"Get on your marks!" cried the starter; and when the smoke shot out of the pistol Culver had escaped and was lying upon Drummond's wrapper, half-way up the course, where he could see the race in profile.

Three men rose almost abreast at the first hurdle, and Drummond's head bobbed up a full stride behind. Again Culver winced, and again he thrust suspicion aside.

At the fourth hurdle Drummond breasted the third man, and at the sixth the foremost of his rivals led him by only half a yard. As the leaders dashed by, Culver noticed that Drummond's eyes were wild and luminous with determination, though his face was like marble, and he was hurdling with the utmost precision and grace. His strides, Culver noticed, were measured to an inch, though an unaccustomed observer could not have known this, they were so vigorous and firm; and though he grazed each hurdle so narrowly as he passed that it was left vibrating, few would have marked it, his leaps were so easy and light.

At the eighth hurdle Drummond was still a foot behind, but the two rivals sloped into the finish after the final leap as nearly abreast as possible. Then came a desperate struggle of fifteen yards. Drummond's superior mettle turned the scale, for though at the finish both men felt the tape upon their breasts, he was perceptibly in the lead. The worsted snapped at the centre of his great chest.

Less than half an hour later the quarter-mile run was called.

On the field the three visitors were lying together near the start, Bensil, the best of them, coaching his two friends in an undertone. Drummond, with Upham and Culver, was stretched silently upon the grass a rod distant.

The shriek of a boatswain's whistle sent shivers down Culver's spine, for this was the preliminary call. In Drummond's face the lines tightened and set. "Cheer up," he said to Culver, as they walked to the start. "This is any man's race yet. Remember, die hard at the finish."

As the men lined up for the start Culver was in third position, with one of the visitors between him and Drummond, who had the pole. Bensil and Upham were outside of him. He felt so weak that it was an effort to stand. Yet, in spite of such nervousness, or perhaps because of it, he had never been more self-possessed or quick-witted.

Presently he felt the warm pressure of a hand chafing his slender calves, and realized with a glow that Drummond was trying to encourage him.

"Get on your marks!" shouted the starter.

Six feet ranged along the scratch, and every man settled into his sockets.

"Get set!"

As Culver crouched for the start his calf trembled so violently that his knee took up the vibration; yet his mind was all alertness.

The pistol cracked.

One of the visitors, whom Culver had never heard of, took advantage of Drummond's slow start to leap in to the pole, setting a breakneck pace. In three bounds Culver was behind him, leading Drummond by three yards.

"Hold!" cried Drummond; and as the bunch of racers leaned inward at the first turn, like cutters in a breeze, Culver slackened his pace. A few seconds later, as they all swung upright into the back stretch, he edged outward, while Drummond, with a few magnificent strides, passed him. The visitor who was setting the pace was five yards ahead, but Drummond eased down, allowing him to increase his lead. Culver felt as if he were clipping every stride, and was eager to let out at full swing to catch the leader. But he clung obediently to his friend, so close that he felt the cinders strike along his shins as they showered backward from Drummond's spikes. Directly behind him he heard Upham plodding patiently along; Bensil, he reckoned, must be in fifth place.

As the runners filed into the turn at the other end of the straightway, Culver's eagerness to take the lead had evaporated; and with parched throat and aching loins he was coming to fear that he could not hold the pace to the finish. But seeing that the leader was beginning to stagger, he braced up; and presently the truth of the situation flashed upon him: Bensil had sent a mediocre sprinter ahead to draw Drummond into too hot a pace, so that, running evenly and judiciously, he might take the lead himself after Drummond had spent his strength. How nearly Culver had been caught in the trap! and to save him Drummond had spent his precious breath.

In an instant the pace-maker slackened and was out of the race. But the effort was telling upon Culver, too. The elasticity of his stride was gone. Every pace seemed to tear along the muscles of his back and pound upon his vitals.

As he straightened into the homestretch, Drummond was three yards in the lead. Now for Upham's spurt! Dear old mud-horse, Culver half hoped he would win! He heard a scrabbling behind him, and before he could realize it a man breasted and passed him. It was the rival crack, Bensil. The sight of him was an eyesore. In another instant Bensil had breasted Drummond too, and was even leading him by a shoulder. At the sight of this a frenzy of anger struck along Culver's spine, suppressing his bodily pain and pouring vigor into his numbing legs. Yet from that moment he was unconscious.

The spectators, in breathless surprise, saw a little fellow, trim as a Roman Mercury, who had been picked for a possible third place—saw Culver, in fact—clinch his teeth and struggle past both leaders, just as Drummond with a well-timed spurt was repassing Bensil.

"Culver! Culver!" the fellows cried, jumping up on their benches. But he could not hear; and as he broke the tape, leading Drummond by a shoulder's-breadth, he lurched forward, and was narrowly saved by Mr. Hatch's ready arms from ploughing into the cinders.

Drummond had presence of mind enough to stagger upon the grass; but Upham, after finishing in fourth place, in his work-a-day manner, walked back to Culver. "Bensil," he explained, taking a shoulder as the bystanders were carrying the little fellow across the field—"Bensil began his spurt fifty yards too soon. When Culver saw him leading Drummond, he dug away for dear life, and beat them both out. Well," he said, as Culver opened his wondering eyes, "you won the race, and here you are, dead as a hero."

When Culver regained consciousness, his head was splitting with every heart-throb. His eyes seemed to pop out like a fish's, and his lungs felt as if they were torn in shreds. It seemed as if he were dreaming that he lay on a mattress, that Drummond was stretched beside him, and that Upham was sitting peacefully on a bench before his locker carefully tying his cravat.

"Never mind," Drummond was saying; "we'll give the wheel another turn at the inter-collegiate sports. Our game is not up yet."

Culver opened his eyes.

"I didn't mean to do it," he apologized to Drummond, with a fuddled air that the others found irresistibly funny.

"Then the deed was better than the will," laughed Drummond. "What do you think of half-mile races?"

Culver remembered in a dazed way that he had made up his mind on the subject. "I think," he said, groping wearily for his ideas—"I think it's Hobson's choice. When a man's no good at the regular distances, at the quarter or the mile, he slumps into the half."

"That's just my idea," said Drummond, with evident amusement. "Now go to sleep. You'll be doing a song 'n' dance in another hour."

Culver relapsed into a hazy state that soon merged in sleep. When he awoke, the cheering that all the afternoon had surged up from the field had subsided. The games were ended, and the fellows were getting ready for the celebration. Drummond alone was lying by his side.

He realized presently that he held a leather case in each hand, and sitting up with a sudden effort that seemed to crack his skull, he opened them. The first held a gold medal with *Quarter-mile Run* engraved on it. He might never win a race again, but that would always be his. The second read, *Half-mile Run*. He raised himself on his elbow. "What's this, Drummond?"

"Oh, nothing—I took your advice and tried Hobson's choice. The race wasn't very fast, but I had to tear my gizzard out on the finish, just the same. I told the fellows not to wait for me. I have something to say to you—something important. If you don't mind, we'll have supper together. I'll be all right, and ready to dress in ten minutes."

IV.

"I KNEW you wouldn't be hungry after your races," Culver explained, "and I wanted to make you a supper on my chafing-dish, such as I take at midnight when I am not training."

"Gad, man, out of sight!" was Drummond's comment; and again when the supper had disappeared, he repeated, smiling, "Gad, man, out of sight!"

Obviously Culver had miscalculated his appetite. "Never mind," he laughed; "I've plenty of cheese and eggs. We'll have a golden buck at midnight. We're allowed, aren't we, to break training on the night after a race?"

He wrapped Drummond in his lounging-robe, seated him in the ample easy-chair, and placed the tea-tray between them. A great lamp that stood in the corner shed a ruddy glow about them, leaving the walls and ceiling in shadows.

Culver had decided that the evening should be spent in reading. He did not feel the slightest misgiving as to Drummond's tastes, for he had many times observed that, in spite of the seeming thoughtfulness of his friend's life, he delighted instinctively in what is finest and best. As Culver read a poem here and a chapter there, Drummond's mind proved as far distant from barrenness as from pedantry. The light in his eyes was serious and attentive; and when, by a happy inspiration, Culver lit upon Cellini's *Autobiography*, Drummond sat erect in his chair, shaking as if with bottled-up delight, and repeatedly bursting into peals of laughter.

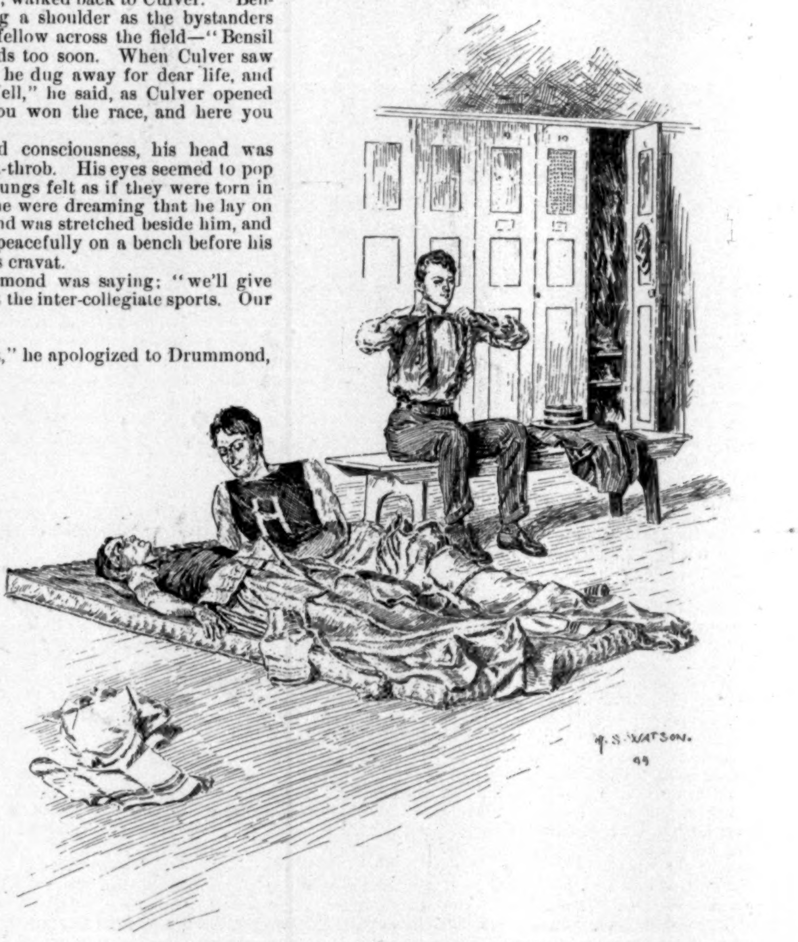
At midnight, when Culver paused to prepare the rare-bit, Drummond took up the reading, impatient to hear the end of Cellini's ridiculous banquet with that jolly Sienese sculptor Michel Angelo.

As the small hours grew larger, the lamp burned low and fluttered out, but the friends talked on in the darkness with the freshness of new friendship and the confidence that springs from mutual respect. Time and again they lapsed into silence, more intimate perhaps than the tale of heart secrets could have been.

In the midst of one of these silences Drummond drew up the window-shade. The east was flushing with dawn. He threw open the window, and a river of fresh morning air flowed by them. From time to time the purling note of a robin broke the twilight hush; and, as they listened in silence, the rising sun gilded the topmost sprays of the elms in the college yard.

In the middle of the following afternoon Culver was awakened from a deep sleep by a call from the instructor in athletics.

"Well, you have beaten the record-breaker," said Mr. Hatch. There was evidently something on his mind that he would have spoken out if he had not felt the necessity of leading up to it by polite degrees.



"IT SEEMED AS IF HE WERE DREAMING."

"What is it you want to say? You are hinting at something."

"Have you signed that record certificate of Drummond's? I had it on my mind to ask you before, but these games have taken all my time and strength."

"Yes; Drummond brought it to me at the training-table ten days ago. It only lacked my signature and his."

"Of course," said the other, rising, "it's none of my affairs."

Culver felt the ice gathering about his heart, but with a great effort he said, "Tell me, do you think for a moment that Drummond took a foul start; that he beat my pistol?"

"His pace-maker, who started from the same pistol, says so; and my own eyes don't often play me false. But it isn't for either of us to say, if you are satisfied."

"I know," said Culver, "that his start was fair." And when the other had gone, he sank upon the window-seat, his face in his arms, trembling with anger.

Still, beneath it all was the shadow of the doubt that had been in his thoughts ever since the day the record was broken, and his anger was heightened perhaps by the dread that in the end it would overcome him.

V.

WHEN the team next assembled at the training-table the fellows remarked on Culver's absence, and one of them pictured him in cap and apron inebriated with his soft drinks.

"Don't make fun of Culver's tea," Drummond protested. "I drank four or five cups Saturday night, and it set the wheels buzzing in my head. Gad! it made me all brains, and when Culver read some poetry I'll be hanged if I didn't understand it!"

There was a general shout when the fellows heard how the two had spent the night.

"Never mind," Drummond still protested. "If it came to ideas, Culver would have the laugh on us. He gets all the fun out of books that any one else would get at a variety show; and, what's more, he made me appreciate all he did. I've got through taking Culver as a joke—on the track and off," he appended, with frank chagrin.

When luncheon came, and no Culver, the fellows were indignant that he should have presumed upon his success to break training so flagrantly, and Upham, with his ever-ready kind heart, stole away to intercede.

When Upham entered, Culver was lying on his window-seat, weak from what he had suffered and from the lack of sleep. He held an unread book in his hand, and said he was ill, but when Upham asked what the matter was, he protested that it was "nothing." Upham lingered awhile in helpless sympathy, and when he left, Culver gave him a bare "good-by."

A quarter of an hour later there was another knock, and this time Culver did not answer. The knock was repeated, and then Drummond stepped softly in, his clear eyes kind and solicitous.

Leaping to his feet on the instant, Culver confronted him.

"Why, man, what's up?" said Drummond. "This is no time to get out of sorts!"

Culver was barring the entrance, but Drummond persisted. "Sit down, and let me talk to you."

"I prefer to be alone."

"Nonsense. If you are ill you must let me take care of you."

"I should be most obliged," said Culver, "if you would leave me alone."

There was a quick flash of anger in Drummond's face, which was instantly overcome. After brief irresolution Drummond left, without a word.

In a minute he returned. Culver was still standing motionless and dazed in the middle of the floor.

"You are too good a fellow, Culver, to give up without cause. Tell me, old man, what have I done? I can't leave you without an effort."

"You have made the effort, as you call it. I hope now you may leave."

There was a flash of anger on both sides, then a pallor like parchment. The two friends parted without another word.

When Drummond's steps were lost at last upon the stairs, Culver locked the door, as if to shut out his friend forever. But he watched from his window wistfully, and when Drummond had passed from sight he sank upon the pillows. His anger was spent, and he gave way to simple grief and friendlessness, until, for the first time since the conviction of Drummond's dishonor was forced upon him, he sank asleep.

On the following afternoon Culver kept away from the track, taking a long walk instead. As he was toiling up a hill that overlooked the red walls and scattered spires of the city, a new idea seized upon him and took possession of his mind. What if he himself could beat Drummond again at the inter-collegiate games and break that record? He sat down on the mossy hill-side to consider, resting his eye upon the gilded dome of the old State House, that blazed in the afternoon sunlight like a beacon on its hill-top. This would at least wipe out his own part in the record-stealing, even though he could not restore the stolen record. With sudden resolution he hurried back to the running-track and did his day's work. That night he went to bed with the chickens.

VI.

BY the time of the inter-collegiate games the report that Drummond's trial had been unfair had spread to several of the members of the team, and was in a way to become generally known. Some of the fellows who were most intimate with Drummond referred to the rumor with a cynical willingness to believe it that made Culver's blood boil in spite of his own conviction. And it was plain, too, that Drummond suspected Culver's intention of making a new and honest record. Yet through it all Drummond had greeted him with the easy impersonal nod which was fitting between the captain of the team and one of his men, and in other respects seemed outwardly as if nothing had happened. To Culver's chagrin, Drummond had even kept up his practice at the hurdles; and now, on the day of the final trial, he ran his several heats and won the points he was expected to win for the college. To Culver, whose whole heart centred in the later race, such masterly indifference showed strangely, to say the least, and, in spite of him, his old admiration for the man welled up in him. Yet this made him only the more resolute; for it made him hate all the more the thought of dishonor in such a man.

At the start Drummond stood alone. The rumor of his dishonesty, circulated among his less intimate friends, had made his position a delicate one, and Culver took a bitter satisfaction in the thought that the crowd of his hail-fellow acquaintances had deserted him. Drummond's bearing was so stern and determined that the best of friends could not have said more than a in passing "Good luck, old man!" and it had a certain elevation of spirit that Culver recalled vividly later.

The race was called, and the half-dozen of contestants ranged along the scratch. Drummond had the pole, with Culver standing next him. At the cry, "Get on your marks!" he turned to glance into Culver's face. This was the only sign of anything like apprehension Culver had ever seen in him, and it filled him with new heart. The word came to "get set." In the excitement of that moment the mingled cries of encouragement from the crowd were as nothing. Every faculty centred on attention.

The pistol fired. Culver got the start of his life, and cut in to the pole almost before Drummond was off the scratch. A sudden hush fell on the spectators, so deep that every stride was audible as the spikes grated through the cinders of the track. Culver did not increase his lead, and when he swung into the back stretch he left space for Drummond to pass. As Drummond leaped to the front, the crowd burst into a shout, and were instantly silent again in breathless suspense. But noise and silence were all one to Culver. He fixed his eyes upon the small of Drummond's back, and ran steadily along two yards behind, like the wheel-horse of a tandem team. He had but one thought, and that was to hang to his man until the homestretch, leaving him meanwhile all the anxiety of setting the proper pace.

At the lower turn the pace was undiminished. For ten seconds Culver ran on in a daze, unconscious of anything except that he was sticking to his man; then, just as the two were bending in to the finish, he roused up and gathered his forces for the spurt. In the next ten seconds the race must be won and the record broken. It was the period of a single breath, but into it Culver threw the friendship, the adoration, the hatred of his lifetime.

A slight increase in his speed as they swung into the finish threw him into the outside track, and in a few seconds the two were abreast. Here the suppressed excitement of the crowd burst forth in cries of "Culver! Drummond!" The rumor as to Drummond's record was not yet abroad, and more than one enthusiast shouted both names in a breath, feeling that it was invidious to make a distinction between such rivals who were such friends.

Drummond responded magnificently to Culver's spurt, and with clinched features and staring eyes they ran twenty yards without gain or loss. Then Drummond's firm, long strides began to break; and inch by inch Culver forged ahead, until he fell across the tape, with Drummond lunging a yard or more behind.

The crowd burst upon the field, giving vent at last to long-pent excitement. Culver's name was loudest on their lips; but still the name of Drummond was heard, as if the two were inseparable.

Though Culver had spent every ounce of strength, he did not for a moment lose consciousness, for now he was in perfect physical condition. He stood near the finish, serene and triumphant, yet listening in bitter suspense to hear whether he had broken the record. When the time was announced his taut nerves collapsed. He had equalled Drummond's record, but had not bettered it a fraction.

With a wild shout, the fellows gathered about Culver, tossed his slender form upon their shoulders, and trooped across the field to the gymnasium. In his tired vision the blue sky and white clouds overhead, the willows on the border of the field, and the bobbing heads about him were mingled like the objects in a troubled dream. Yet in the midst of them all one figure which he saw but an instant stood forth distinct and unchangeable. It was Drummond, alone and with his head bowed, making his way wearily to the dressing-rooms. His knees seemed so weak that they threatened to break at every step; yet there was not one in his host of friends who had the heart to approach him with a proffer of assistance.

Half an hour later, as Culver was dressing in the club house, he caught casual glances at Drummond, who was lying on a mattress, silent and impassive. No man who took defeat so bitterly to heart was ever more resolute beneath it or more calm. It seemed to Culver that such a victory over such a man was more barren than defeat.

As the minutes lagged by, his thoughts rambled over the past two years. This was the same Drummond whose large nature had first awakened his interest in things beyond his little roomful of books, whose simple friendship had kept him in courage during the first trying months of training. It was he who had won so many hard-fought races for the college—the college they both loved. What wonder that to-day, in what seemed the extremity of fortune, Drummond's spirit was still that of the master. Dishonest though he might have been, there was many a stainless soul whose account would prove pitiful enough beside his balance of good deeds.

As the seconds passed, a new emotion gathered head in Culver's heart—a large pity that had its source at once in his old love for Drummond, and in the admiration that, in spite of his rigid hatred, had almost daily gathered strength.

On his way out of the dressing-rooms he caught Drummond's quiet eye. A great lump rose in his throat. He would have passed had he been able, but he paused to kneel on the mattress beside his old friend.

"You know, perhaps," he said, with difficulty—"you know what I have been trying to do. I don't want you to think that I take much credit for beating you as I have done. I know as well as any one which is the better man . . . and I want to tell you. . . . Two weeks ago you offered to take care of me when I was not well. I never could have let you, but I ask pardon now for the way I spoke to you."

Culver felt that at best the apology was feeble, and did scant justice to all he felt; yet, forgive though he might, he could not forget what he had suffered, or say one word that he did not sincerely mean.

Drummond stretched out his hand. "I have always hoped that you would see things differently," he said, with a quiet that nevertheless bespoke greater severity than Culver had ever known. "Let's forget what has happened and be as nearly as possible as we were. And I want to have a long talk with you. May I come to see you to-morrow night when we get back to college?"

To Culver's irresistible happiness at those words the friendship of a year ago was an idle day-dream.

VII.

WHEN the study door closed behind them on the following evening, Drummond went directly to the bookcase. "I have just finished Cellini," he said. "He was a dead-game sport if ever there was one—and I have been doing some other reading too; novels, plays, poetry even. I have to thank you for that, Culver. That day, after the dual games, when I told the fellows how we had spent the night, they raised a shout. I made up my mind that they should never give me the laugh again because some one had tried to entertain me with talking sense. It beats the devil how illiterate a man can get in college, if he only spends enough of his time in sports. By-the-way, where's the teapot?"

Culver took it down from the shelf and began wiping away the dust that had already gathered, turning red as he realized how fit an emblem this was of his blind struggle against the man who sat before him.

"By no means, old man," Drummond exclaimed; "put it back again!"

There was a moment's embarrassment, in which each realized what was passing in the other's mind; then Culver again shelved the teapot, this time forever.

It was very plain that, in spite of their mutual wish, things could not again be as they had been. And yet the pleasures of their first evening together were vapid and trivial beside the deep bond which the past weeks had made between them, and of which each was struggling in the prose of daily life to tell the other.

"I don't think, Culver, you ever realized how glad I have been that I knew you. . . ." Drummond paused, helpless, but floundered on: "When a man has had a little success in athletics, and among the fellows here, it is very easy to rest on his oars and let her run. One day when I was thinking of you I woke up to realize what I was drifting to. I have you to thank for that."

Culver shook his head.

"Gad, man, I mean it! This is what I have to look forward to: If I take the business position that is offered me when I graduate—as I ought—I shall at best be a wildcat broker on Wall Street. If I do as I prefer, I shall spend my life refereeing football games, playing racquets and polo, and growing merrily old upon cocktails and game dinners." He got up and leaned against the mantel in an attitude of intense seriousness, scarcely in harmony with the manner of his words.

They were both silent awhile. "And about that record," Drummond said, "I congratulate you. It was not easy at first to think that you were the one to make it, for perhaps you know that to lose goes hard with me. But I am glad to-day . . . for you."

Culver looked up bewildered. "You still hold the record you made at your trial." He hung his head, reddening to the tips of his ears.

Drummond put his arms upon Culver's shoulder. "I thought you must have heard. . . . I never claimed that record. The papers are in my room now, without my signature. Why, man, cheer up. Come, now, cheer up, dear boy. You see, things happened so that I couldn't tell you before."

Little by little the deep lights began to burn forth in Culver's eyes.

"It happened this way," Drummond went on: "It was some days before I suspected I had beaten out your pistol, and then, as I thought it all over, I was less and less certain about the facts. It all looked ugly. And even if there had only been the bare suspicion, I don't think I should have wanted the record."

"I might have known that."

"One of my ideas in spending that evening with you was to talk the matter over. But—don't you remember?—we had such a pleasant time that there was never a moment when the subject seemed fit. And though I told one or two of the fellows all about it, many of them still seem to think that I never intended to play fair. In time, I suppose, it will all be set right; but it cuts me up pretty badly to think how little they knew me—even the fellows who had pretended to like me best."

Again Culver reddened with shame.

"I don't mean you," Drummond went on, resting his arm more firmly on Culver's shoulder; "and I want you to tell me your idea in working so hard to beat me."

Culver shook his head.

"You thought, didn't you, that that was the only way you could set matters right? You wanted to rub the false record off the board?"

"I suppose so."

"I thought it. And you really cared for me, and what I might do?"

"Yes."

For a long time Drummond was silent. "It beats the devil," he said at last. "But I sometimes think that among all the fellows I have known, you are the only one who has ever really known me, or thought a second time whether I did right or wrong."

"If I had trusted you. . ." Culver said.

"I should never have known how much you cared," Drummond concluded. There was a long silence, and then Drummond said, smiling: "You are a funny fellow all through. Do you remember the time we took you on the team, because of the way you lost your race?"

Again there was a silence, which Drummond perhaps thought unduly tense. "Come over to my room," he said. "Since you won't let me have tea, I will give you some Scotch whiskey. I think you will like it. It really is the best drink ever."

A Wood Note

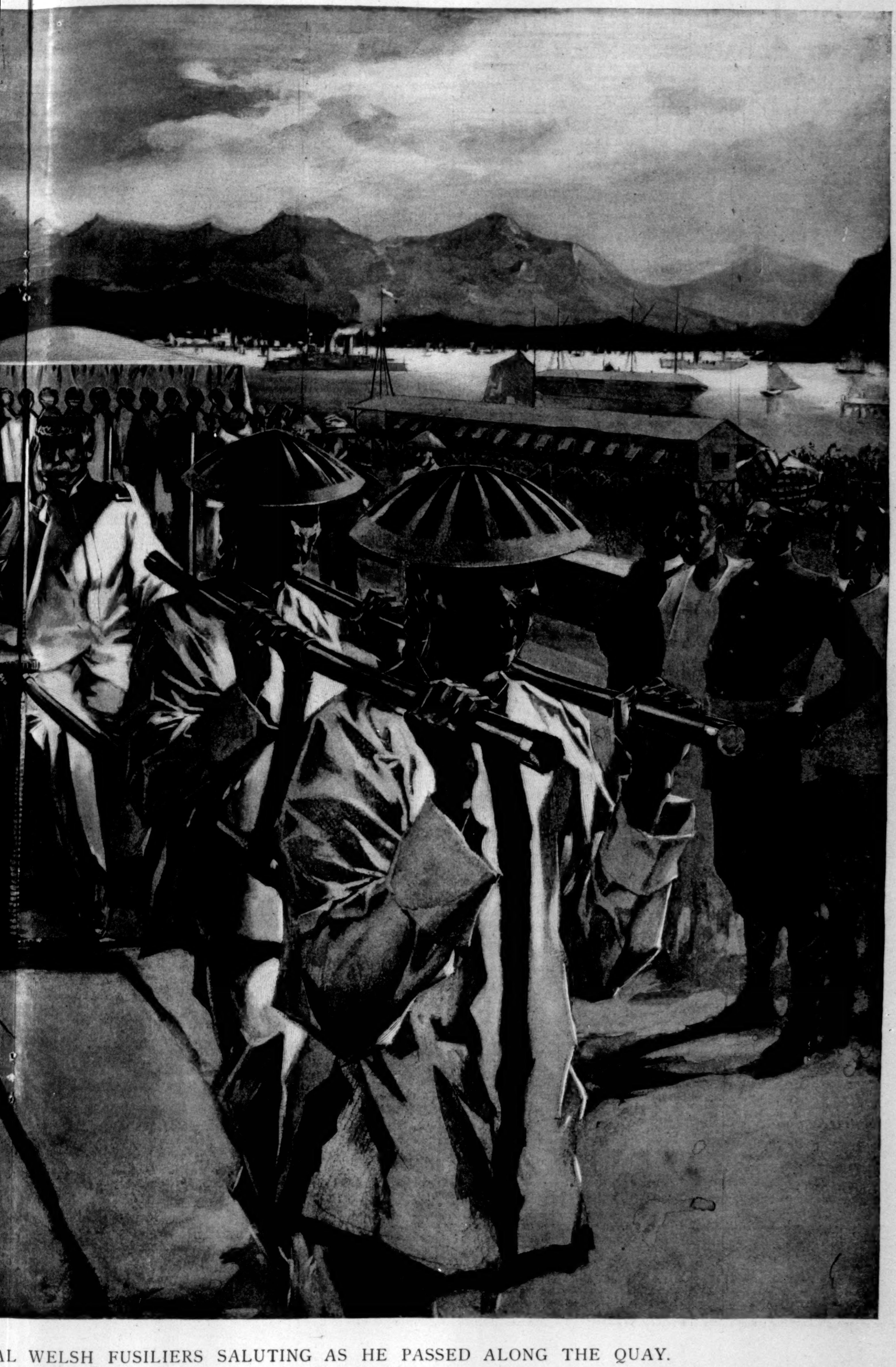
THERE'S music in the mossy stone
Which daintily, in trebles gay,
The brook, 'neath branches zephyr-blown,
Interprets on its merry way.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Captain Bancroft, R. W. F.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT HONG-KONG ON HIS WAY HOME—THE ROYAL

Drawn by G. W. Peters, Special A



AL WELSH FUSILIERS SALUTING AS HE PASSED ALONG THE QUAY.

L ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

MUSIC

SOME two or three seasons agone the writer of this article endeavored to draw the attention of his musical readers to the fact that among European operatic composers of the hour Mr. Isidore de Lara was maintaining a good deal of an individuality—and that he could be looked on as a man likely to have a good deal to say for himself in a parliament where there now are many robust orators, but few real leaders. Mr. de Lara is, to all intents and purposes of the French stage, a meridional French composer in art—though in actual nationality and race, I believe, he is British and Hebraic. Not long ago he was a clever song-composer in London. His operatic career came apace. His "Amy Robsart" was a good deal of a sensation; and it is a forceful work in passages. His "Moïna," a later opera, has the same essences blended into it, but stands for a far firmer music-drama, *never ceasing to be opera;* that cardinal principle, a sort of compass by which too many composers have not steered.

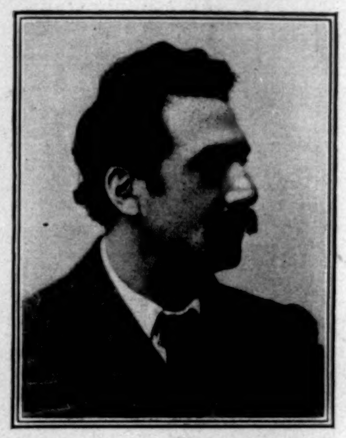
I am writing with the echoes of Mr. de Lara's latest work, "Messaline," sung for the first time in England last evening, still in my ears, and I am so recalling not only a Covent Garden première of immediate success, but M. de Lara's most sonorous and full-blooded proof of what is in him—a man to think and to score; a fresh instance of the vitality of the Latin temperament, and of the ease with which it takes its good in operatic theory wherever it finds it. "Messaline" is a high and a distinct technical advance by the composer toward writing for the world of opera-goers outside of France. Moreover, "Messaline" is among Mr. Grau's special probabilities for New York next season, with much the same admirable cast and gorgeous pageantry.

MADAME HÉGLON AS *MESSALINE.*

Photograph by Messrs. Bassano.

The major characteristics of the opera are these—each one has been an item in the reception of the work: First, a libretto powerfully dramatic and audaciously erotic; carpentered to the overrunning with all the splendors of tableaux that picture decadent Rome when one of the wickedest and worst of women was the gossip of her subjects. The plot and several scenes suggest Sardou's "Theodora," as Messalina was an early sort of Theodora. A second factor in de Lara's good fortune is a score that, while here or there melodically weak, and bombastic to emptiness in many pages, and, above all else, needing severe cutting, draws on all the colors of the musical palette for voluptuous effectiveness. "Messaline" is in alternation stormily impassioned or seductively languorous. It seldom is wholly divorced from the music that is to be sung—an accent largely lyric. A third factor is the opportunities it gives for French artistry in opera. With such great singers as Madame Héglon—who is at her most opulent and best as *Messaline*—with Alvarez, Rénaud, and that most promising young soprano Mlle. Leclerc, a far more unequal work than "Messaline" could be buoyed up into success for a fair term. The Covent Garden production was under the composer's care; and I will say here that it was gorgeous in the extreme, with admirably careful rehearsals of every incident, and with an exceptionally drilled chorus and ballet. Indeed, the wild midnight revel in the tavern in the Suturra was so free that the sensitive British public hissed—yet not too loudly nor long.

The action of "Messaline" may be condensed into this summary: *Messaline* and her court one day overhear a street-singer, *Harès*, singing a ditty that insults the Empress. She has him dragged before her, and instead of death she gives him her love. A little later, in a low tavern brawl (a scenic picture that goes the full limits of realism), *Messaline*, in disguise, is saved from peril by *Helion*, a gladiator, the brother of *Harès*. She falls in love with *Helion*, takes him to one of her retreats on the Tiber-side, and intoxicates him with her witchery. During this second love-scene *Harès* tries to enter the apartment. *Messaline* hides *Helion*. She admits *Harès*, tolerates for a few moments his queries, and then orders in her guards, who throw the luckless minstrel out of the window into the Tiber, after which *Messaline* recalls *Helion* to her arms. A scene is added to this one, in which the exhausted and dripping *Harès*, on the Tiber-bank, facing the house of *Messaline*, vows to kill her. This scene as developed is really an excrescence that weakens the end of a strangely emotional act. In the final act the two brothers suddenly meet in the royal box at the circus, and before they can know each other's identity *Helion* stabs his brother. *Harès* falls dead at the feet of *Messaline*. The gladiator leaps down to the lions in the arena. *Messaline*, terrified, stands like a statue of fear. The curtain slowly falls. The text has good lines—for operatic purposes—and the dialogue is well worked up, save for something too much of the osculatory allusiveness that in French is always pertinacious and equivocal.



ISIDORE DE LARA.

Photograph by Numa.

The best musical episodes are the scene of the street-singers ballading, the first scene of the third act, when *Messaline* wooes the gladiator, and a part of the fourth act. The beginning is too vague and mannered for good results. But, once under way, the score is sustained by secure art, if not inspiration. Mr. de Lara has considerable of the eclectic. His best theme is in the accent of the Scandinavian, Grieg, while his most striking air, the satiric ballad for *Harès*, is surely of Rossinian kinship. Mr. de Lara has, however, hit on a fine *motif* for *Messaline*, used admirably, and in the third act he is distinctly eloquent and sincere and moving.

A greater or smaller constituency of Americans have heard Madame Héglon these eight or nine years, since her début as *Salammbo, Dalila, Frédégonde*, and so on, and there will not be needed many words for the consummate gifts that she exhibits in each impersonation, or the warmth of her great voice and the largeness of her style. Never has she sung with more of a wealth of tone. Never has she looked more radiant and majestic than as *Messaline*, nor acted in more art. As for her costumes, they were, as ever, marvels of color, fabric, and archæologic truth. If she make her American appearances next autumn or later, her vogue in New York may be guaranteed, so imposing is her whole equipment—physical, vocal, and temperamental—for making *Messaline* a star rôle. As *Helion* M. Alvarez was superb, and M. Rénaud (*Harès*) little less. The London production was, as I have said, an instance of a group of singers of the first rank; and incidentally a witness to how many artists of the best attributes in one or another field of opera are yet not imported to that Western world which, sooner or later, welcomes all such with a cordiality not caprice, but appreciation nowhere outmeasured.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

(LONDON.)

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER. *By John Kendrick Bangs*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The narrator discovers in his attic an old type-writing machine, which he cleans and places in the library. Coming home late one evening, he hears the machine going, apparently with no one operating it, and finally discovers that James Boswell, editor of the *Stygian Gazette*, had come from Hades to do some work on it. He agrees to let Boswell use the machine whenever he desires, and Boswell in return promises him the mundane rights to the *Stygian* copy. According to Boswell, the republican element in Hades is aroused because of the autocratic methods of the ruler. The narrator retires, leaving Boswell at work, and next morning discovers the manuscript of the following tale.

III.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S "FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS."

IT is with some very considerable hesitation that I come to this portion of my personal recollections; and yet I feel that I owe it to my fellow-citizens in this delightful Stygian country, where we are all enjoying our well-earned rest, to lay before them the exact truth concerning certain incidents which have now passed into history, and for participation in which a number of familiar figures are improperly gaining all the credit, or discredit, as the case may be. It is not a pleasant task to expose an impostor; much less is it agreeable to expose four impostors; but to one who from the earliest times—and when I say earliest times I speak advisedly, as you will see as you read on—to one, I say, who from earliest times has been actuated by no other motive than the promulgation of truth, the task of exposing fraud becomes a duty which cannot be ignored. Therefore, with regret I set down this chapter of my memoirs, regardless of its consequences to certain figures which have been of no inconsiderable importance in our community for many years—figures which in my own favorite club, the Associated Shades, have been most welcome, but which, as I and they alone know, have been nothing more than impostures.

In previous volumes I have confined my attention to my memoirs as Baron Munchausen—but, dear reader, there are others. *I was not always Baron Munchausen; I have been others!* I am not aware that it has fallen to the lot of any but myself in the whole span of universal existence to live more than one life upon that curious, compact little ball of land and water called the Earth; but, in any event, to me has fallen that privilege, or distinction, or whatever it may be, and upon the record made by me in four separate existences, placed centuries apart, four residents of this sphere are basing their claims to notice, securing election to our clubs, and even venturing so far at times as to make themselves personally obnoxious to me, who with a word could expose their wicked deceit in all its naked villany to an astounded community. And in taking this course they have gone too far. There is a limit beyond which no man shall dare go with me. Satisfied with the ultimate embodiment of my virtues in the Baron Munchausen, I have been disposed to allow the impostors to pursue their deception in peace, so long as they otherwise behave themselves; but when Adam chooses to allude to my writings as frothy lies, when Jonah attacks my right as a literary person to tell tales of leviathans, when Noah states that my ignorance in yachting matters is colossal, and when William Shakspere publicly brands me as a person unworthy of belief, who should be expelled from the Associated Shades, then do I consider it time to speak out and expose four of the greatest frauds that have ever been inflicted upon a long-suffering public.

To begin at the beginning, then, let me state that my first recollection dates back to a beautiful summer morning, when in a lovely garden I opened my eyes and became conscious of two very material facts: first, a charming woman arranging her hair in the mirrorlike waters of a silver lake directly before me; and second, a poignant pain in my side, as though I had been operated upon for appendicitis, but which in reality resulted from the loss of a rib, which had in turn evoluted into the charming and very human being I now saw before me. That woman was Eve; that mirrorlike lake was set in the midst of the Garden of Eden; I was Adam, and not this watery-eyed

antediluvian calling himself by my name, who is a familiar figure in the Anthropological Society, an authority on evolution, and a blot upon civilization.

I have little to say about this first existence of mine. It was full of delights. Speech not having been invented, Eve was an attractive companion to a man burdened as I was with responsibilities, and until our children were born we went our way in happiness and silence. It is not in the nature of things, however, that children should not wish to talk, and it was the irrepressible efforts of Cain and Abel to be heard as well as seen that first called the attention of Eve and myself to the desirability of expressing our thoughts in words rather than by masonic signs.

I shall not burden my readers with further recollections of this period. It was excessively primitive, of necessity; but before leaving it I must ask the reader to put one or two questions to himself in this matter.

1st. How is it that this bearded patriarch, who now poses as the only original Adam, has never been able, with any degree of positiveness, to answer the question as to whether or not he was provided with a caudal appendage—a question which I am prepared to answer definitely, at any moment, if called upon by the proper authorities, and, if need be, to produce not only the tail itself, but the fierce and untamed pterodactyl that bit it off, upon that unfortunate autumn afternoon when he and I had our first and last conflict?

2d. Why is it that, when describing a period concerning which he is supposed to know all, he seems to have given voice to sentiments in phrases which would have delighted Sheridan and shed added glory upon the eloquence of Webster, *at a time when, as I have already shown, there was no such thing as speech?*

Upon these two points alone I rest my case against Adam: the first is the reticence of guilt—he doesn't know, and he knows he doesn't know; the second is a deliberate and offensive prevarication, which shows again that he doesn't know, and assumes that we are all equally ignorant.

So much for Adam. Now for the cheap and year-ridden person who has taken unto himself my second personality, Noah; and that other strange combination of woe and wickedness, Jonah, who has chosen to pre-empt my third. I shall deal with both at one and the same time, for, taken separately, they are not worthy of notice.

Noah asserts that I know nothing of yachting. I will accept the charge, with the qualification that I know a great sight more about Arking than he does; and as for Jonah, I can give Jonah points on whaling; and I hereby challenge them both to a Memoir Match for $2000 a side, in gold, to see which can give to the world the most interesting reminiscences concerning the cruises of the two craft in question, the *Ark* and the *Whale*, upon neither of which did either of these two anachronisms ever set foot, and of both of which I, in my two respective existences, was commander-in-chief. The fact is that, as in the case of the fictitious Adam, these two impersonators are frauds. The man now masquerading as Noah was my hired man in the latter part of the antediluvian period, was discharged three years before the flood, was left on shore at the hour of departure, and when last seen by me was sitting on the top of an apple-tree, begging to be taken back without wages, offering to do two men's work for nothing if we'd only let him in out of the wet. If he will at any time submit to a cross-examination at my hands as to the principal events of that memorable voyage, I will show to any fair-minded judge how impossible is his claim that he was in command, or even afloat, after the first week. I have hitherto kept silent in this matter, in spite of many and repeated outrageous flings, for the sake of his—or rather my—family, who have been deceived, as have all the rest of us, barring, of course, myself. References to portraits of leading citizens of that period will easily show how this can be. We were all alike as two peas in the olden days, and at a time when men reached an advanced age which is not known now it frequently became almost impossible to distinguish one old man from another.

I will say, finally, in regard to this person Noah, that if he can give to the public a statement telling the essential differences between a pterodactyl and a double spondee that will not prove utterly absurd to an educated person, I will withdraw my accusation and resign from the club. *But I know well he cannot do it*, and he does too, and that is about the extent of his knowledge.

Now as to Jonah. I really dislike very much to tread upon this worthy's toes, and I should not do it had he not chosen to clap an injunction upon a volume of *Tales of the Whales* which I wrote for children last summer, claiming that I was infringing upon his copyright, and feeling that I, as a self-respecting man, would never claim the discredit of having myself been the person he claims to have been. I will candidly confess that I am not proud of my achievements as Jonah. I was a very oily person even before I embarked upon the seas as Lord High Admiral of H.M.S. *Leviathan*. I was not a pleasant person to know. If I spent the night with a friend, his roof would fall in or his house would burn down. If I bet on a horse, he would lead up to the homestretch and fall down dead an inch from the finish. If I went into a stock speculation, I was invariably caught on a rising or a falling market. In my youth I spoiled every yachting party I went on by attracting a gale. When I came out the moon went behind a cloud, and people who began by endorsing my paper ended up in the poorhouse. Society gave me up. Commerce wouldn't have me. Boards of Trade everywhere repudiated me, and I gradually sank into that state of despair which finds no solace anywhere but on the sea or in politics; and as politics was then unknown, I went to sea. The result is known to the world. I was cast overboard, engulfed by a whale—which, in his defence let me be generous enough to say—swallowed me inadvertently, and with the usual result. I came back, and life went on. Finally I came here, and when it got to the ears of the authorities that I was in Hades, they sent me back for the fourth time to earth, in the person of William Shakspere.

That is the whole of the Jonah story. It is a sad story, and I regret it; and I am sorry for the impostor when I reflect that the character he has assumed possesses attractions for him. His real life must have been a fearful thing if he is happy in his impersonation, and for his punishment let us leave him where he is. Having told the truth, I have done my duty. I cheerfully resign my claim to the personality he claims—I relinquish from this time on all right, title, and interest in the name; but if he ever dares to interfere with me again in the use of my personal recollections concerning the inside of whales I shall hale him before the authorities.

And now, finally, I come to Shakspere, whom I have kept for the last, not because he was the last chronologically, but because I like to work up to a climax.

Previous to my existence as Baron Munchausen I lived for a term of years on earth as William Shakspere, and what I have to say now is more in the line of confession than otherwise.

In my boyhood I was wild and I poached. If I were not afraid of having it set down as a joke, I should say that I poached everything from eggs to deer. I was not a great joy to my parents. There was no deviltry in Stratford in which I did not take a leading part, and finally, for the good of Warwickshire, I was sent to London, where a person of my talents was more likely to find congenial and appreciative surroundings. A glance at such of my autographs as are now extant will demonstrate the fact that I never learned to write; a glance at the first folios of the plays attributed to me will likewise show that I never learned to spell; and yet I walked into London with one of the most exquisite poems in the English language in my pocket. I am still

"CATHODE-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WHALE, SHOWING MYSELF....INSIDE."

filled with merriment over it. How was it, the critics of the years since have asked—how was it that this untutored little savage from leafy Warwickshire, with no training and little education, came into London with "Venus and Adonis" in manuscript in his pocket? It is quite evident that the critic fraternity have no Sherlock Holmes in their midst. It would not take much of an eye, a true detective's eye, to see the milk in that cocoanut, for it is but a simple tale, after all. The way of it was this: On my way from Stratford to London I walked through Coventry, and I remained in Coventry overnight. I was ill clad and hungry, and having no money with which to pay for my supper, I went to the Royal Arms Hotel and offered my services as porter for the night, having noted that a rich cavalcade from London, *en route* to Kenilworth, had arrived unexpectedly at the Royal Arms. Taken by surprise and therefore unprepared to accommodate so many guests, the landlord was glad to avail himself of my services, and I was assigned to the position of boots. Among others whom I served was Walter Raleigh, who, noting my ragged condition and hearing what a roisterer and roustabout I had been, immediately took pity upon me, and gave me a plum-colored court suit with which he was through, and which I accepted, and next day wore off to London. It was in the pocket of this that I found the poem of "Venus and Adonis." That poem, to keep myself from starving, I published when I reached London, sending a complimentary copy, of course, to my benefactor. When Raleigh saw it he was naturally surprised, but gratified, and on his return to London he sought me out, and suggested the publication of his sonnets. I was the first man he'd met, he said, who was willing to publish his stuff on his own responsibility. I immediately put out some of the sonnets, and in time was making a comfortable living, publishing the anonymous works of most of the young bucks about town, who paid well for my imprint. That the public chose to think the works mine was none of my fault. I never claimed them, and the line on the title-page, "By William Shakspere," had reference to the publisher only, and not, as many have chosen to believe, to the author. Thus were published Lord Bacon's "Hamlet," Raleigh's poems, several plays of Messrs. Beaumont and Fletcher—who were themselves among the cleverest adapters of the times—and the rest of that glorious monument to human credulity, and memorial to an impossible, wholly apocryphal genius, known as the works of William Shakspere. The extent of my writing during this incarnation was ten autographs for collectors, and one attempt at comic opera, called "A Midsummer's Nightmare," which was never produced, because no one would write the music for it, and which was ultimately destroyed, with three of my quatrains and all of Bacon's evidence against my authorship of "Hamlet," in the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613.

These, then, dear reader, are the revelations which I have to make. In my next incarnation I was the man I am now known to be—Baron Munchausen. As I have said, I make the exposure with regret, but the arrogance of these impudent appropriators of my various personalities has grown too great to be borne longer. I lay the simple story of their villany before you for what it is worth. I have done my duty. If after this exposure the public of Hades choose to receive them in their homes and at their clubs and as guests at their functions, they will do it with a full knowledge of their duplicity.

In conclusion, fearing lest there be some doubters among the readers of this paper, I have allowed my friend, the editor of this esteemed journal, which is to publish this story exclusively on Sunday next, free access to my archives, and he has selected as exhibits of evidence, to which I earnestly call your attention, the originals of the following cuts which will illustrate this chapter, viz.:

I. A full-length portrait of Eve as she appeared at our first meeting.

II. Portraits of Cain and Abel at the ages of two, five, and seven.

III. The original plans and specifications of the Ark.

IV. Fac-simile of her commission.

V. Portrait-sketch of myself and the false Noah, made at the time, and showing how difficult it would have been for any member of my family, save myself, to tell us apart.

VI. A cathode-ray photograph of the whale, showing myself, the original Jonah, seated inside.

VII. Fac-similes of the Shakspere autographs, proving that he knew neither how to write nor how to spell, and so of course proving effectually that I was not the author of his works.

It must be confessed that I read this article of Munchausen's with amazement, and I awaited with much excited curiosity the coming again of the manipulator of my type-writing machine. Surely a revelation of this nature should create a sensation in Hades, and I was anxious to learn how it was received. Boswell did not materialize, however, and for five nights I fairly raged with the fever of curiosity; but on the sixth night the familiar tinkle of the bell announced an arrival, and I flew to the machine and breathlessly cried,

"Hullo, old chap! How did it come out?"

The reply was as great a surprise as I have yet had, for it was not Boswell, Jim Boswell, who answered my question.

IV.

A CHAT WITH XANTHIPPE.

THE machine stopped its clicking the moment I spoke, and the words "Hullo, old chap!" were no sooner uttered than my face grew red as a carnation-pink. I felt as if I had committed some dreadful *faux pas*, and instead of gazing steadfastly into the vacant chair, as I had been wont to do in my conversation with Boswell, my eyes fell, as though the invisible occupant of the chair were regarding me with a look of indignant scorn.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"I should think you might," returned the types. "'Hullo, old chap!' is no way to address a woman you've never had the honor of meeting, even if she is of the most advanced sort. No amount of newness in a woman gives to a man the right to be disrespectful to her."

"I didn't know," I explained. "Really, miss, I—"

"Madame," interrupted the machine, "not miss. I am a married woman, sir, which makes of your rudeness an even more reprehensible act. It is well enough to affect a good-fellowship with young unmarried females, but when you attempt to be flippant with a married woman—"

"But I didn't know, I tell you," I appealed. "How should I? I supposed it was Boswell I was talking to, and he and I have become very good friends."

"Humph!" said the machine. "You're a chum of Boswell's, eh?"

"Well, not exactly a chum, but—" I began.

"But you go with him?" interrupted the lady.

"To an extent, yes," I confessed.

"And does he *go* with you?" was the query. "If he does, permit me to depart at once. I should not feel quite in my element in a house where the editor of a Sunday newspaper was an attractive guest. If you like that sort of thing, your tastes—"

"I do not, madame," I replied, quickly. "I prefer the opium habit to the Sunday-newspaper habit, and if I thought Boswell was merely a purveyor of what is known as Sunday literature, which depends upon the goodness of the day to offset its shortcomings, I should forbid him the house."

A distinct sigh of relief emanated from the chair.

"Then I may remain," was the remark rapidly clicked off on the machine.

"I am glad," said I. "And may I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"Certainly," was the immediate response. "My name is Socrates, *née* Xanthippe."

I instinctively cowered. Candidly, I was afraid. Never in my life before had I met a woman whom I feared. Never in my life have I wavered in the presence of the sex which cheers; but I have always felt that while I could hold my own with Elizabeth, withstand the wiles of Cleopatra, and manage the recalcitrant Katherine, even as did Petruchio, Xanthippe was another story altogether, and I wished I had gone to the club. My first impulse

was to call up stairs to my wife and have her come down. She knows how to handle the new woman far better than I do. She has never wanted to vote, and my collars are safe in her hands. She has frequently observed that while she had many things to be thankful for, her greatest blessing was that she was born a woman and not a man, and the new women of her native town never leave her presence without wondering in their own minds whether or not they are mere humorous contributions of the Almighty to a too serious world. I pulled myself together as best I could, and feeling that my better half would perhaps decline the proffered invitation to meet with one of the most illustrious of her sex, I decided to fight my own battle. So I merely said:

"Really? How delightful! I have always felt that I should like to meet you, and here is one of my devoutest wishes gratified."

I felt cheap after the remark, for Mrs. Socrates, *née* Xanthippe, covered five sheets of paper with laughter, with an occasional bracketing of the word "derisively," such as we find in the daily newspapers interspersed throughout the after-dinner speeches of a candidate of another party. Finally, to my relief, the oft-repeated "Ha-ha-ha!" ceased, and the line, "I never should have guessed it," closed her immediate contribution to our interchange of ideas.

"May I ask why you laugh?" I observed, when she had at length finished.

"Certainly," she replied. "Far be it from me to dispute the right of a man to ask any questions he sees fit to ask. Is he not the lord of creation? Is not woman his abject slave? Is not the whole difference between them purely economic? Is it not the law of supply and demand that rules them both, he by nature demanding and she supplying?"

Dear reader, did you ever encounter a machine, man-made, merely a mechanism of ivory, iron, and ink, that could sniff contemptuously? I never did before this encounter, but the infernal power of either this type-writer or this woman who manipulated its keys imparted to the atmosphere I was breathing a sniffing contemptuousness which I have never experienced anywhere outside of a London hotel, and then only when I ventured, as few Americans have dared, to complain of the ducal personage who presided over the dining-room, but who, I must confess, was conquered subsequently by a tip of ten shillings.

At any rate, there was a sniff of contempt imparted, as I have said, to the atmosphere I was breathing as Xanthippe answered my question, and the sniff saved me, just as it did in the London hotel, when I complained of the lordly lack of manners on the part of the head waiter. I asserted my independence.

"Don't trouble yourself," I put in. "Of course I shall be interested in anything you may choose to say, but as a gentleman I do not care to put a woman to any inconvenience, and I do not press the question."

And then I tried to crush her by adding, "What a lovely day we have had!" as if any subject other than the most commonplace was not demanded by the situation.

"If you contemplate discussing the weather," was the retort, "I wish you would kindly seek out some one else with whom to do it. I am not one of your latter-day sit-out-on-the-stairs-while-the-others-dance girls. I am, as I have always been, an ardent admirer of principles, of great problems. For small-talk I have no use."

"Very well, madame—" I began.

"You asked me a moment ago why I laughed," clicked the machine.

"I know it," said I. "But I withdraw the question. There is no great principle involved in a woman's laughter. I have known women who have laughed at a broken heart, as well as at jokes, which shows that there is no principle involved there; and as a problem, I have never cared enough about why women laugh to inquire deeply into it. If she'll just consent to laugh, I'm satisfied, without inquiring into the causes thereof. Let us get down to an agreeable basis for yourself. What problem do you wish to discuss? Servants, baby-food, floor-polish, or the number of godets proper to the skirt of a well-dressed woman?"

I was regaining confidence in myself, and as I talked I ceased to fear her. Thought I to myself: "This attitude of supreme patronage is man's safest weapon against a woman. Keep cool, assume that there is no doubt of your superiority, and that she knows it. Appear to patronize her, and her own indignation will defeat her ends." It is a good principle generally. Among mortal women I have never known it to fail, and when I find myself worsted in an argument with one of man's greatest blessings, I always fall back upon it, and am saved the ignominy of defeat. But this time I counted without my antagonist.

"Will you repeat that list of problems?" she asked, coldly.

"Servants, baby-food, floor-polish, and godets," I repeated, somewhat sheepishly, she took it so coolly.

"Very well," said Xanthippe, with a note of amusement in her manipulation of the keys. "If those are your subjects, let us discuss them. I am surprised to find an able-bodied man like yourself bothering with such problems, but I'll help you out of your difficulties if I can. No needy man shall ever say that I ignored his cry for help. What do you want to know about baby-food?"

This turning of the tables nonplussed me, and I didn't really know what to say, and so wisely said nothing, and the machine grew sharp in its clicking.

"You men!" it cried. "You don't know how fearfully shallow you are. I can see through you in a minute."

"Well," I said, modestly, "I suppose you can." Then calling my feeble wit to my rescue, I added, "It's only natural, since I've made a spectacle of myself."

"Not you!" cried Xanthippe. "You haven't even made a monocle of yourself."

And here we both laughed, and the ice was broken.

"What has become of Boswell?" I asked.

"He's been sent to the ovens for ten days for libelling Shakspere and Adam and Noah and old Jonah," replied Xanthippe. "He printed an article alleged to have been written by Baron Munchausen, in which those four gentlemen were held up to ridicule and libelled grossly."

"And Munchausen?" I cried.

"Oh, the Baron got out of it by confessing that he wrote the article," replied the lady. "And as he swore to his confession, the jury were convinced he was telling another one of his lies, and acquitted him; so Boswell was sent up alone. That's why I am here. There isn't a man in all Hades that dared take charge of Boswell's paper—they're all so deadly afraid of the government—so I stepped in, and while Boswell is baking, I'm attending to his editorial duties."

"But you spoke contemptuously of the Sunday newspapers awhile ago, Mrs. Socrates," said I.

"I know that," said Xanthippe; "but I've fixed that. I get out the Sunday edition on Saturdays."

"Oh—I see! And you like it?" I queried.

"First-rate," she replied. "I'm in love with the work. I almost wish poor old Bos had been sentenced for ten years. I have enough of the woman in me to love minding other people's business, and, as far as I can find out, that's about all journalism amounts to. Sewing societies aren't to be mentioned in the same day with a newspaper for scandal and gossip; and, besides, I'm an ardent advocate of men's rights—have been for centuries—and I've got my first chance now to promulgate a few of my ideas. I'm really a man in all my views of life—that's the inevitable end of an advanced woman who persists in following her 'newness' to its logical conclusion. Her habits of thought gradually come to be those of a man. I even have a great deal more sympathy for Socrates than I used to have. I used to think I was the one that should be emancipated, but I'm really reaching that stage in my manhood where I begin to believe that he needs emancipation."

"Then you admit, do you," I cried, with great glee, "that this new-woman business is all Tommy-rot?"

"Not by a great deal," snapped the machine. "Far from it. It's the salvation of the happy life. It is perfectly logical to say that the more manny a woman becomes, the more she is likely to sympathize with the troubles and trials which beset men."

I scratched my head and pulled the lobe of my ear in the hope of loosening an argument to confront her with; not that I disagreed with her entirely, but because I instinctively desired to oppose her as pleasantly disagreeably as I could. But the result was nil.

"I'm afraid you are right," I said.

"You're a truthful man," clicked the machine, laughingly. "You are afraid I'm right. And why are you afraid? Because you are one of those men who take a cynical view of woman. You want woman to be a mere lump of sugar, content to be left in a bowl until it pleases you in your high-and-mightiness to take her in the tongs and drop her into the coffee of your existence, to sweeten what would otherwise not please your taste—and, like most men, you prefer two or three lumps to one."

I could only cough. The lady was more or less right. I am very fond of sugar, though one lump is my allowance, and I never exceed it, whatever the temptation.

Xanthippe continued:

"You criticise her because she doesn't understand you and your needs, forgetting that out of twenty-four hours of your daily existence your wife enjoys personally about twelve hours of your society, during eight of which you are lying flat on your back, snoring as though your life depended on it; but when she asks to be allowed to share your responsibilities, as well as what in her poor little soul she thinks are your joys, you flare up and call her 'new' and 'advanced,' as if advancement were a crime. You ride off on your wheel for forty miles on your days of rest, and she is glad to have you do it; but when she wants a bicycle to ride, you think it's immoral and conducive to a weak heart. Bah!"

"I—ah—" I began.

"Yes, you do," she interrupted. "You ah and you hem and you haw, but in the end you're a poor miserable social mugwump, conscious of your own magnificence and virtue, but nobody else ever can attain to your lofty plane. Now what I want to see among women is more good fellows. Suppose you considered your wife as good a fellow as you think your friend Jones. Do you think you'd be running off to the club every night to play billiards with Jones, leaving your wife to enjoy her own society?"

"Perhaps not," I replied. "But that's just the point. My wife isn't a good fellow."

"Exactly, and for that reason you seek out Jones. You have a right to the companionship of the good fellow—that's what I'm going to advocate. I've advanced far enough to see that on the average in the present state of woman she is not a suitable companion for man—she has none of the qualities of a chum to which he is entitled. I'm not so blind but that I can see the faults of my own sex, particularly now that I have become so very masculine myself. Both sexes should have their rights, and that is the great policy I'm to hammer at as long as I have Boswell's paper in charge. I wish you might see my editorial page for to-morrow; it is simply fine. I urge upon woman the necessity of joining with her husband in all of his pleasures, whether she enjoys them or not. When he lights a cigar, let her do the same; when he calls for a cocktail, let her call for another. In time she will begin to understand him. He understands her pleasures, and often he joins in with them—opera, dances, lectures; she ought to do the same, and join with him in his pleasures; and after a while they'll get upon a common basis, have their clubs together, and when that happy time comes, when either one goes out the other will also go, and their companionship will be perfect."

"But you objected to my calling you old chap when we first met," said I. "Is that quite consistent?"

"Of course," retorted the lady. "We had never met before, and, besides, doctors do not always take their own medicine."

"But that women ought to become good fellows is what you're going to advocate, eh?" said I.

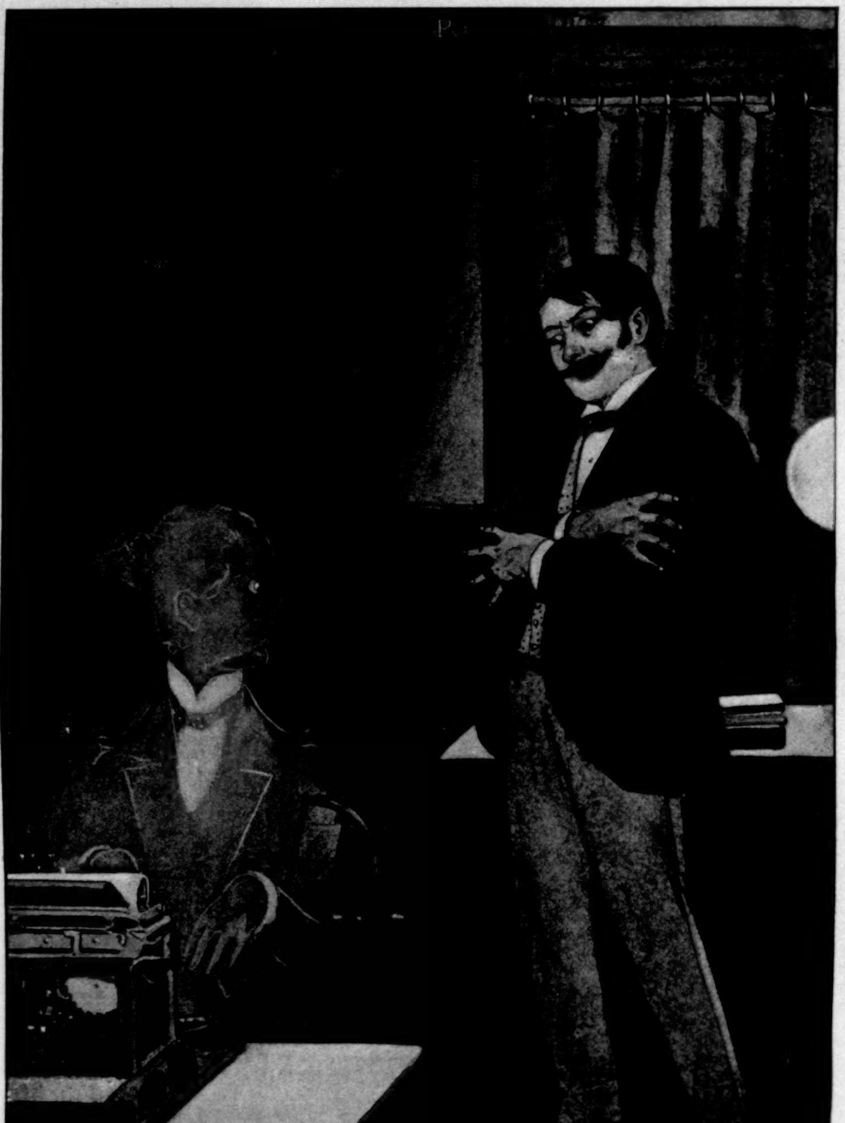
"Yes," replied Xanthippe. "It's excellent—don't you think?"

"Superb," I answered, "for Hades. It's just my idea of how things ought to be in Hades. I think, however, that we mortals will stick to the old plan for a little while yet; most of us prefer to marry wives rather than old chaps."

The remark seemed so to affect my visitor that I suddenly became conscious of a sense of loneliness.

"I don't wish to offend you," I said, "but I rather like to keep the two separate. Aren't you man enough yet to see the value of variety?"

But there was no answer. The lady had gone. It was evident that she considered me unworthy of further attention.



"I FELT AS IF I HAD COMMITTED SOME DREADFUL *FAUX PAS*."

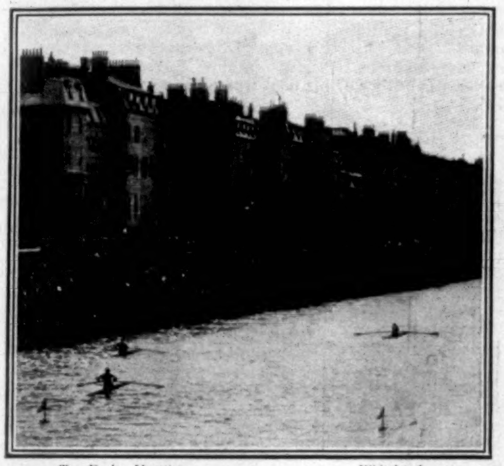
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEUR SPORT

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD-YALE MEETING

LONDON, *July 22, 1899.*

THE international games this afternoon between Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard were most brilliant and exciting. They will go far towards giving Englishmen a better understanding of American athletics, and should be welcomed as such by all true sportsmen in America; for, though defeated, the manly bearing and courage which the Americans showed in every contest were prominent and praiseworthy, and impressed the vast concourse of Britishers present. On all sides the



Ten Eyck. Maguire. Whitehead.

TEN EYCK WINNING CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLE SCULLS.

wish was expressed that these contests should be made annual, and as this expression of opinion was heartily concurred in by the officials of the English universities, it may be brought about.

Just one week ago the Americans landed on these shores, after a good voyage. All the men were in good spirits, and the weather which greeted them was most American-like in character. The sun shone out bright and warm, and the air was clear. So it remained the entire week, to the great satisfaction of the Yale and Harvard athletes. All expressed themselves as unaffected by the climate, and this great factor in international athletics was thus fortunately absent.

When the day of the match arrived and this grand American weather continued, high hopes were entertained that good records would be made in all the events. By four o'clock, when the games commenced, the entire track (one-third of a mile in circumference) was surrounded by an immense throng, and all the grand stands were filled. The scene was beautiful, for the grounds had been prettily decorated, and from a social point of view the attendance was brilliant in the extreme. Royalty was represented in the persons of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, whose box, erected near the finish and decorated in the national colors, contained also, among others, Ambassador and Mrs. Choate and Lord and Lady Curzon.

The American colony was well represented, and could be seen everywhere. One long stand was reserved for them, and flags of several colleges were to be seen. Of course the Harvard and Yale colors predominated, but Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia flags were also in evidence.

Arrangements were perfect, and everything went off on time, without any unpleasant incident.

The English system of scoring was employed—viz., that winners alone counted, and seconds were to be considered only in case of a tie.

The track was in perfect condition, and it was a revelation to all the Americans present. The surface is of the finest cinders, and the greatest of care had been taken in its preparation. A pit had been dug for the high jump, which took place in the middle of the field, while the circles for the hammer-throwers were in another corner of the ground.

Near the centre of the field two flag-staffs were planted, one bearing the English and the other the American colors. Prior to the games they were both lowered, and during the afternoon, at the conclusion of each event, the winning colors were hoisted to the top of the staff as a signal to the expectant throng.

In the broad jump the American and English customs vary, the former allowing six tries to each competitor, the latter allowing but four. A compromise was reached by allowing each contestant five jumps. In the hammer the Englishmen threw according to the English rules, which allow a nine-foot circle, while the Americans threw from a seven-foot circle.

Promptly at four o'clock the broad-jumpers got to work, and it was seen at once that Vassall, the Oxford president, and Daly of Harvard were the best men. Bevan of Cambridge and Roche of Harvard jumped 20 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 21 ft. 9 in. as their best performance. Vassall cleared 22 ft. 5 in. on his first trial, Daly doing 20 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. Their next jumps were 22 ft. 4 in. and 21 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in., respectively. Again, upon the next try, each bettered his previous performance—Daly doing 21 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., and Vassall 22 ft. 6 in. Daly then made a poor jump; but Vassall got off well, and rising beautifully, he landed just 23 ft. away from the take-off. He sprained his leg in this effort, and his final jump was therefore short of 22 ft. Not so Daly, who came up to the take-off with a rush and made a grand jump. For a moment some thought he had cleared a longer distance than Vassall had done, but the measurements showed he was short an inch and a half of his best American performance, the jump measuring 22 ft. 3 in.

A mighty cheer arose as the English flag was hauled aloft and point 1 had been scored by the home talent.

In the mean time the hammer-throwers were busy, and it was announced that Boal had thrown 131 ft. This reassured the Americans present, although the event continued, both Boal and Brown getting hearty applause for the telling style with which they threw the missile.

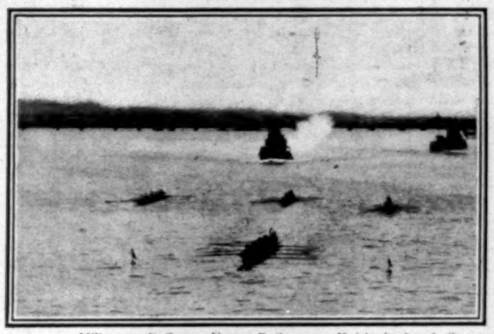
The hundred-yards men now limbered up. Hind (Cambridge) drew the pole, Quinlan (Harvard) was next, Thomas (Oxford) next, and Blount (Yale) on the outside. They got off to a beautiful start. At fifty yards Blount was leading by two feet, with Quinlan and Thomas separated by a scant six inches. In the last thirty-five yards both the latter men rushed forward, but Quinlan was the faster, and broke the tape two feet in front of Thomas, with Blount a yard away. Hind was not speedy enough, and was beaten five yards. It was a grand race, and the time—10 sec.—was received with applause.

The Harvard slogan and hearty American and English cheers greeted the stars and stripes as they floated from the signal-staff.

Once more the same colors were raised, as by this time the hammer-throw had been decided—Boal (Harvard) getting first with 136 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in., his college-mate, Brown, next with 122 ft. 9 in., while Greenshields (Oxford) was third, with 109 ft. 2 in.

So far it was 2 to 1 in favor of the American collegians.

Now came the mile, and, as had been expected, the Englishmen proved the victors. Freemantle (Oxford) cut out the running, closely followed by Hunter (Cambridge). At the half all were together, but it was seen that Spitzer and Smith of Yale were tiring, while Danson (Oxford) was showing signals of distress. On the last one-third mile Hunter increased his lead, and finished first, thirty yards in front of Danson, who was twenty yards ahead of



Millstream B. C. Vesper B. C. Knickerbocker A. C. Pennsylvania Barge Club.

FINISH OF CHAMPION EIGHT-OARED SHELLS (SENIOR).

Spitzer, with Smith beaten off. The time by thirds was 1 min. 22 sec., 2 min. 50 sec., and 4 min. 24 sec.

The score stood now 2 points all.

Almost immediately the hurdlers were ready. This event was run on grass, as is the English custom, but the hurdles were not stationary, as is the general rule in England. The order of running was Parkes (Oxford), Tomlinson (Cambridge), Fox (Harvard), and Hallowell (Harvard). All got well away. Parkes led slightly at the first hurdle. At the second Parkes, Tomlinson, and Fox were even. From there on Fox drew slowly ahead, and won a grand race by two yards from Tomlinson, with Parkes and Hallowell close up. The time, $15\frac{3}{5}$ sec., is an

"GLENCAIRN III."

Canadian Defender of Seawanhaka Challenge Cup for One-raters.

English record, although it is hardly likely that it will be allowed, because of the hurdles having loose tops. The quality of the performances can be appreciated when it is stated that Hallowell, the fourth man, must have done 16 sec. This shows the excellence of the course. Compared with the Travers Island grass 120-yards course, the one at Queen's Club must be at least two-fifths second faster.

This race had been looked upon as the deciding event of the day. When the time was given out, and the American flag arose, enthusiasm was unbounded, and Americans present felt the day was won. The Harvard cheer resounded from several quarters, but, singularly enough, not a Yale yell was to be heard; and, indeed, during the whole afternoon, no one heard the famous Yale slogan. The Harvard men were so numerous and enthusiastic that Yale's silence did not remain unnoticed by either the Americans or English present.

The games were now looked upon as settled, for Burke was of course to win the half, Rice the high jump, and very probably Boardman the quarter—so thought the happy Americans present.

But the result of the half-mile spread consternation throughout the American camp. Struben (Oxford) made the pace, with the Cambridge runner (Graham) at his heels, followed by Adams (Yale) and Burke (Harvard). The first quarter was run in this order in $54\frac{3}{5}$ sec., Burke already showing signs of distress. On the far stretch, Graham and Adams fought for the lead. It was a grand struggle, but the Englishman proved the stronger, and rounded the far turn, 220 yards from home, five yards in advance, Struben following Adams, with Burke twelve yards back. Those who knew Burke's great finishing powers expected him now to make his effort. For a moment he did draw up, and cries of "Burke! Burke!" were heard; but he could not stand the pace, and Graham gradually increased his lead, while Struben passed Adams. Graham finished strongly twelve yards in front of Struben, with Adams fifteen yards back. Burke stopped before he reached the finishing-point. The time—1 min. $57\frac{1}{5}$ sec.—was fast. Burke had not been well during the week, which accounts for his poor showing. Adams ran well, but Graham was too strong, and wore him down.

Once more the English flag floated in the breeze, and the score stood 3 to 3. Now all was excitement, for the half had totally upset every one's calculations.

The high jump was granted the Americans, and the three miles to the Englishmen, thus leaving the quarter-mile as the deciding event.

Rice of Harvard jumped up to expectation in the high, and won at 6 ft. His style was much applauded. Adair of Oxford made a grand fight, and got second with a leap of 5 ft. 11 in., Rotch of Harvard being third at 5 ft. 10 in. Paget-Tomlinson of Cambridge could not clear a greater height than 5 ft. 6 in.

Excitement was intense as the quarter-milers went to the mark. Fisher (Yale) had the pole, Hollins (Oxford) next, Boardman (Yale) next, and Davison (Cambridge) the outside. It was a veritable sprint for the corner, 120 yards away. Boardman and Hollins rounded it together, with Fisher close up, Davison five yards back, and apparently unable to hold the killing pace. On the upper straight, Hollins and Boardman raced shoulder to shoulder, Fisher losing only by inches, while Davison crept up, and with his long, powerful stride became a factor in the race. Around the turn, ninety yards from the finish, Boardman

AT THE EIGHTH HURDLE—FOX LEADING.

ENTERING STRAIGHT OF THE QUARTER-MILE—BOARDMAN LEADING.

FINISH OF THE 100-YARD DASH—QUINLAN JUST PASSING THOMAS.

made his effort, and drew away from Hollins, who was beaten. But Davison now strode along, and getting even forty-five yards from home, he finished with a rare turn of speed, and won by five yards from Boardman in 49⅗ sec., with Fisher six yards back. Davison ran a very game race, and showed excellent judgment. He finished strong, and is undoubtedly the best quarter-miler in Great Britain, and one of the best in the world.

The score stood now 4 to 4, and some, granting the three miles to the Englishmen, left the grounds. They were sorry afterwards, for this race proved one of the most exciting of the day, and it was not until the very last lap that English stamina told and the day was won.

Against Workman (Cambridge) and Wilberforce and Smith (Oxford), Palmer (Yale) and Foote and Clarke (Harvard) contended. Smith went out to make the pace. All were well up at the end of the first mile, run in 4 min. 56 sec. On the fifth lap Foote had a cramp, and fell upon the track. At the two-miles mark, which was passed in 10 min. 16 sec., Workman, Palmer, and Wilberforce were together. Palmer surprised every one by his style and freshness, and it was seen that he had a good chance to win the race. Workman also perceived this, and quickened the pace, Wilberforce dropping out. It was now a duel to the death between the representatives of Cambridge and Yale, and the victory of the day hung in the balance. The excitement was intense, and frantic cries were heard as Palmer passed the Cantab and drew away. But Workman would not be denied. He followed on and obtained the lead, which Palmer soon wrested from him again. The pace was now telling on the men, and it was seen that one or the other must soon succumb. Again Workman pluckily passed his rival, but Palmer hung on, and on the backstretch led again. Workman immediately passed him for the third time. Just before the last lap Palmer assumed the lead, but Workman made a supreme effort, and again he forced the pace, getting in front, and, despite the utmost exertions of the plucky but exhausted Yale man, he drew away. Palmer persevered in his hopeless chase until tired nature gave out, when he eased down, Workman finally winning the race by 150 yards. The scene at the finish was of the wildest description. The crowd broke upon the field and carried the victor to the pavilion, while Palmer finished, escorted by two Yale enthusiasts, one carrying a Yale, the other an American, flag. Poor Clarke, who in the excitement had been forgotten, pluckily though wearily plodded his way around the track, and finished almost in a state of collapse sixty yards behind Palmer. As the English flag rose to the top of the staff, thousands crowded around it, hurrahing, yelling, throwing their hats in the air, and otherwise rejoicing over the victory of the English collegians. On every side praises of Workman and Palmer were to be heard.

The London Victoria Military Band then played "God Save the Queen," and the greatest international meeting on record was over and a subject for discussion.

The records made by Quinlan in the 100 yards and Fox in the hurdles must surprise many who remember the performances of these men in America at the Inter-collegiate Championships. There Quinlan finished fourth in the 100 yards in 10 sec., while Fox was second, by several yards, in 15⅖ sec. The explanation is that the track at the Queen's Club grounds is faster. After consulting many American athletes present, including the trainers of the Harvard and Yale teams, and from personal experience, it is my opinion that the 100-yards straight on which they ran to-day was two and a half yards faster than was the track at Manhattan Field on May 27 last. It may seem impossible, but the statement is made advisedly, that the grass course for the hurdles at the Queen's Club grounds is at least one-fifth second faster than the track at Manhattan Field upon which Kraenzlein did 15⅖ sec. The fact that Hallowell of Harvard ran a trial in 15⅘ sec., and that in the race he did a trifle better than 16 sec., of itself proves the contention. The grass is as firm and as level as a track—such turf as cannot be found in America. For the longer events the track was not as fast, comparatively speaking, as the magnificent surface would suggest. This is due to the shape of it. It is a square, and the corners are very sharp. Even with this disadvantage competent judges considered it one-half second in the quarter, one and one-half seconds in the half, and three seconds in the mile faster than the track upon which the American Inter-collegiate Championships were held this year.

Another surprise to the unthinking American will be the times of the Englishmen. In the majority of events they bettered their previous performances. The English collegians hold their games in the winter and early spring, and the improvement in the conditions accounts for their better records.

Concerning the management of the teams during the games, Mr. C. N. Jackson must be congratulated, for in this particular the Americans were outgeneralled. The work of the second-string men in the half, the mile, and the three miles was in a great measure responsible for the English victories in these events. With few exceptions, Englishmen cannot be called pretty runners, but they have an immense amount of stamina. Had any one of these three races been a waiting-race, America would have certainly scored in two of them. But the English pacers took their men along in great style, and the strength of the men alone allowed them to win out at the finish. It was the same in all three events. They wore the Americans out, and although finishing very tired themselves, they managed in each case to stay the distance.

GEORGE W. ORTON

CONTESTS for the Seawanhaka one-rater international challenge cup seem destined, in Canadian waters, to end unsatisfactorily. Last year the Canadian defenders took advantage of the absence, in the rules governing the racing for this cup, of any clause specifically declaring ineligible the catamaran type—tacitly and universally barred from all yachting classes—and put forth at the eleventh hour a double-hulled boat, which the Royal St. Lawrence Club permitted to sail, despite protests from the American challengers.

This year—last week—with two wins of the needed three to the credit of each contesting yacht, the regatta committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club made a literal fiasco of the deciding race by permitting conditions prejudicial to the challenging boat, and by declining to allow an entirely proper protest that sought merely a fair race and no favor.

Either sportsmanship or knowledge of yacht-racing rules and traditions seem distinctly lacking in this Montreal yacht club. To whichever deficiency, however, the recent exhibition is chargeable, the result is equally unconvincing as to the merits of the competing boats, and deeply regrettable in so far as it concerns sportsmanly intercourse between the yachtsmen of the United States and those of England's American colony.

TO the unprejudiced eye it looks as though the yacht-club men of Montreal might with considerable profit take some elementary lessons in yacht-racing traditions from the mother-country—along with those others forthcoming on the Alaskan boundary. Certainly the story of the Canadian Regatta Committee's action suggests need of enlightenment. In brief, it is as follows: For the final and fifth race for the cup, the sailing course was to be a beat to windward and return—two nautical miles to each leg, sailed three times over, or a total distance of twelve miles. The first course laid was not due to windward, as required by the sailing regulations, and on protest of Mr. Post, owner, and Mr. Crane, designer, of the Seawanhaka Club challenger *Constance*, the Regatta Committee ordered the course relaid. On this attempt it was seen, according to official report, that it would be impossible, owing to shoals, to set the mark two miles to windward, and it was agreed the course should be one and one-half miles to windward and return, necessitating four rounds instead of three. But it was found impossible, because of shoals, to set the mark even at one and one-half miles, and so it was placed at about one mile from the starting-point. As the strongest point of *Constance's* work is sailing to windward, naturally and with entire propriety Mr. Post again protested. The committee thereupon decided to move the starting-line inshore, in order to secure a windward leg of one and one-half miles, but in doing so the starting-line was located in shallow water. This of course Messrs. Post and Crane could not know, relying entirely upon the committee's familiarity with the local waters and their sportsmanship.

IN manœuvring for the start, after the preparatory gun had been fired, *Constance* several times touched bottom near the line, and finally her centreboard took ground and practically held her; meantime the starting gun had been fired, and the Canadian defender, *Glencairn III.*, had started. *Constance* did not cross the line, and Mr. Post immediately protested the course as unsuitable, and offered, if the committee would recall *Glencairn III.*, to even accept the course with only the one-mile windward leg, to which he had earlier objected as unfair to *Constance*, because that would take them out of the shoals. The committee, however, declined to recall *Glencairn III.*, and refused to allow the written protest Mr. Post laid before them, or entertain any proposal to sail the "race" over.

And so *Glencairn III.* sailed over the course alone, and without accident, for to Mr. Duggan, who designed and sailed her, the shoals are as clear as though each was marked by a buoy. The official report of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club Regatta Committee follows:

The course for to-day's race was set southwest by south from the Upper Dorval Light, two miles to windward. On the return of the committee boat Mr. Crane protested that the course was not due to windward, the wind having by this time hauled southerly. The course was reset, Mr. Post, the representative of the Seawanhaka Club, being invited to accompany a member of the Sailing Committee in resetting it. On its being found that the course was slightly short of a mile and a half a verbal protest was made by the Seawanhaka representative. A second protest being intimated on account of shoal water for manœuvring around the windward buoy, the Sailing Committee proposed to reduce the course from one and a half miles to one mile, but this was objected to by Mr. Post. The committee then changed the starting-line nearer to Point Calire and proceeded to lay the course one and a half miles to windward.

The preparatory whistle blew at 2.55 o'clock, the first gun was at 3, and the starting gun at 3.05. The *Glencairn* crossed the line at 3.05.15 *Constance* did not cross the line. Subsequently Mr. Post, accompanied by Mr. Crane, came on board the committee boat and reported to the chairman of the Sailing Committee that after the first gun the *Constance* had taken ground with her centreboard in manœuvring for the line.

Perhaps there is no more remarkable passage in the history of sport than that a club defending an international trophy should so place the challenger at disadvantage (1) by placing the starting-line among shoals, where of course the local boatmen enjoyed unexampled advantage; (2) refusing to sail over a "race" in which the challenger, by reason of grounding on these same shoals, had not even started.

If this is Canadian idea of sportsmanship, those lessons from the mother-country cannot come too soon.

NOTHING so disappointing as this miserable ending could have happened, for the two boats this year were quite similar in lines, *Constance* having the finer bow, and very evenly matched as to speed. By official measurement the racing length of *Constance* is 19.875, that of *Glencairn III.* 19.785 feet, the limit being 20 feet. The total sail area of *Constance* is 484 feet, that of *Glencairn III.* 498, the area of the latter's fore triangle containing 30 more square feet than that of the Seawanhaka club representative. In detail their measurements are—

Constance.—Mainsail, 386 sq. ft.; fore triangle, 98 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 196 sq. ft.; length over all, 30 ft. 11 in.; load water-line, 17 ft. 9 in.; overhang stern, 5 ft. 1¾ in.; overhang bow, 8 ft. ¼ in.; mast, 25 ft. 6 in.; boom, 23 ft.; gaff, 13 ft. 6 in.; spinnaker-boom, 15 ft. 5 in.

Glencairn III.—Mainsail, 370 sq. ft.; fore triangle, 128 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 256 sq. ft.; length over all, 32 ft. 4⅛ in.; load water-line, 17 ft. 3 in.; overhang stern, 5 ft. 9⅝ in.; overhang bow, 9 ft. 3⅞ in.; mast, 25 ft. 5¾ in.; boom, 21 ft. 8 in.; gaff, 14 ft. 8 in.; spinnaker-boom, 20 ft.

In the contests for the Seawanhaka Cup, in which British-American yacht clubs have been before this year represented, their boats, made from the designs of George H. Duggan, have shown superior speed to those from the United States in comparatively heavy weather, though being decidedly inferior in light weather. This year, however, there was complete reversal.

WHILE both were faster on all points of sailing than any of the one-raters that have hitherto raced for this trophy, *Constance* was decidedly faster in stronger winds and roughish water, while the English colonial representative moved the quicker in light airs and smooth water.

IN the first race of the series—which were to be decided by the best three out of five—with a good sailing breeze blowing and a moderate sea, *Constance* won by 2 min. 15 sec., over a four-mile course, laid to windward (two miles) and return, and sailed over three times—a total of twelve miles. In the second—over a triangular course of four miles (each leg being one mile and a third), sailed over three times—in a good sailing breeze and a somewhat choppy sea, *Constance* won by 55 sec. The third race was in light air and smooth water, and *Glencairn III.* won by 3 min. 6 sec. The fourth, *Glencairn III.* also won, by 5 min. 39 sec., in fickle weather conditions that ranged from a light wind shifting to all points of the compass to almost a dead calm and a flat sea. On the final day—that with its unsatisfactory disclosures—the air was light, though carrying a fair sailing breeze, and the sea smooth as glass—conditions decidedly favoring *Glencairn III.* rather than *Constance*.

On points of sailing *Constance* showed emphatic superiority on the wind, outpointing and outfooting her rival, her gains to windward, whenever a fair breeze was stirring, being indeed notable; in running free *Glencairn III.* showed as distinctly greater speed—explained by the fact that her spinnaker exceeded in area that of *Constance's* by about sixty square feet. Whenever Mr. Duggan could use this canvas *Glencairn III.* had great advantage down the wind. In roughish water the colonial boat labored noticeably, pounding considerably. Both boats were cleverly handled, but *Glencairn III.'s* crew were much the smarter; and Mr. Duggan's exhibition at the tiller and in general handling of his boat was nothing short of masterful.

THE history of the Seawanhaka challenge cup shows Mr. Duggan to have been exceedingly successful. The cup was first raced for five years ago off Oyster Bay by *Spruce IV.*, an English boat owned and sailed by Brand, and *Ethelwyn*, designed by W. P. Stephens, and sailed by Field—the American boat winning 3 to the Englishman's 2. The race the next year was sailed off Oyster Bay between *Glencairn*, designed and sailed by G. H. Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Canada, and the *El Heirie*, designed and sailed by Crane. Duggan won 3 straight. The following year the course became that of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club on Lake St. Louis, Montreal, and *Glencairn II.*, designed and sailed by Duggan, and *Momo*, designed and sailed by Crane, met for the cup, *Glencairn II.* winning 3 to the *Momo's* 1.

The race of last year was between *Dominion*, a double-hulled boat designed and sailed by Duggan, and *Challenger*, designed and sailed by Crane. The result was 3 to 1 for *Dominion*.

While deeply regretting the unsportsmanly attitude of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club Regatta Committee, we must persist, and eventually bring that cup back to the United States. The White Bear Yacht Club of St. Paul—the club which recently sent the speedy *Yankee* to Montreal for a race with *Dominion* and was beaten—has already challenged for the Seawanhaka Cup. It is a tribute to American sportsmanship to say that, despite the disappointment and the dissatisfaction of that "final race," the Seawanhaka club representatives accepted the Committee's decision without murmur, and as gentlemen and yachtsmen.

"COLUMBIA'S" "tuning up" has progressed slowly since her first trial races with *Defender* off Scotland Light and at Larchmont, and in the interim an accident has befallen each boat, which interrupted two other trials, and, in the case of *Columbia*, might with worse luck have been serious indeed. The breaking of *Columbia's* mast seems, we are happy to learn, in no way traceable to defect in the mast itself, and the same one will be restepped so soon as it is repaired. This is to be accomplished by putting in two sections of new plates at the point where the mast doubled.

The construction of this hollow steel mast is very simple, and apparently very strong; briefly, it is built of steel plates, each twelve feet wide, bent around and riveted to four steel uprights that form the centre structural basis. The plates are flush one to the other; but the uprights on the inside lap from one plate section to the next, and thus the whole is bound firmly together.

The most plausible theory of the cause of the recent accident assumes the port spreader to have been weakened through collision with an arm of the derrick when the steel mast was being first stepped. The fact that the port spreader was injured in the stepping of the mast, and that its subsequent breaking was followed instantly by the doubling of the mast, in the now famous accident, appears to give warrant to this idea. That the body of the yacht escaped injury was miraculous good fortune.

The *Defender-Vigilant-Navahoe* race off Newport last Saturday provided convincing illustration of the wide and rapid strides covered in the evolution of the modern racing ninety-foot sloop. Remembering the astonishment created by the speed of *Vigilant* half a dozen years ago, it is difficult to conceive of others following so soon, and revealing even more marked superiority on all points of sailing. Yet *Defender* beat *Vigilant* half an hour over a 38-mile course Saturday—and *Columbia*, we have good reason to believe, is even five minutes at least faster in that distance!

The cruise of the New York Yacht Club this week, followed by the Astor cup and other races off Newport (Aug. 14–15) will furnish really the best opportunity yet afforded to thoroughly test the relative sailing qualities of the '95 and the '99 defenders. No doubt *Columbia* has considerably more speed than she has yet disclosed in her races with *Defender*.

WHEN it comes time for choosing the all-America golf team of ten to meet all-Canada in the annual international match, there will be very few of last year's names on the '99 list. Thus far the play of this season averages much higher than of any previous year; the form that in '98 put a player among the first ten will now barely place him in the third ten. Harriman, Douglas, Macdonald, Travis, Reid, Lineweaver, Lynch, Thorp, Toler, Ripley, seem at present most entitled to the honor, and of these only three—Harriman, Macdonald, and Lynch—were on last year's national team.

Lawn-tennis and polo comment reserved for next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Dewey at Trieste

Trieste, *July 23, 1899.*

THIS side of American ports there can surely be found no happier Yankees than the *Olympia's* blue-jackets, turned loose to-day in the streets of Trieste after twenty-four days of confinement aboard ship. For, on reaching the plague-stricken neighborhood of the Suez Canal, Admiral Dewey, far-sighted as always, chose the lesser of two evils—restraint in the matter of shore leave and fresh provisions, rather than a very probable quarantine at the first European port. Hence it was that the *Olympia* was able to slide to her moorings off the water-front of Trieste with a clean bill of health, excepting only the fast-vanishing traces of a few cases of climatic fever. And from Admiral to apprentice there is but one opinion—an extreme gratitude that the ship is once more in temperate waters and half-way home. As one of the first men ashore expressed it, "It's a slow town—but it's land!"

It is probable that, considered only as a man, and entirely apart from what he has accomplished in the Philippines, Admiral Dewey has never appeared, and never will appear, to greater advantage than now. Relieved for the time being of responsibility, and as yet unassailed by the flood of popular acclaim which bids fair to overwhelm him on his return to New York, he is as care-free and light-hearted as a boy, gracious and accessible to all comers, readily interested and amused, and—for it is time that a spoke was put in gossip's wheel—in the best of health and spirits.

In Admiral Dewey, as he is to-day, two qualities are remarkable. He entirely lacks the art of what has aptly been called "playing to the gallery." This is not to say that he does not appreciate his own enviable position in the history of his country, but rather that he strikes to a nicety the golden mean between false modesty and undue ostentation. He is quite ready to speak of the *Olympia's* exploits at Manila, and frankly pleased at his own resultant advancement. In a word, there is no pose. "You know," he says, "that there is something romantic about the Philippines. They are far enough away to appeal to the public's sense of the dramatic. Cuba is too near. And when we sailed for Manila I said to some of my officers, 'This time we are just about going to hit the popular taste'—and I think we just about did!" That is entirely characteristic and refreshing. To come to the second quality, the occasion seemed favorable for a leading question, and one of the American journalists present put in a word: "There has been some comment, Admiral, on your leaving the Philippines before the close of the campaign—some talk of a cabinet office or the Presidency. Will you tell us why you are going back just at this time?" A shrewd twinkle in Dewey's eyes was all that showed he saw the trap. "Do you remember," he answered, "what the blacksmith's reason was for thrashing the parson? Well, he wanted to—and could!" And that again is entirely characteristic. For this man, in whom all America is interested, and from whom all American journals are endeavoring to worm some significant admission, has reduced the question of being interviewed to an exact science. "Aguinaldo?" he says. "Yes, he's a brat—just a brat. By-the-bye, I must show you that cigarette-case he gave me. Pretty, isn't it?" Or: "What are my plans? Well, I came to Trieste because I remembered the climate, and we all wanted to get ashore. Now there's Bob; he's my chow dog, you know. Hasn't been ashore for twenty-four days. Poor Bob!" And, to quote a popular phrase, "there you are!" One thing is supremely evident—now, or at any other time, Admiral Dewey is not going to talk for publication.

It is but a small shadow that the coming event of the *Olympia's* return to New York has cast before upon Trieste. Officialdom was represented on the ship's arrival by Mr. Addison Clay Harris, American minister to Austro-Hungary, who, with his first secretary, Mr. Herdliska, and Captain Beehler, naval attaché to the American legation at Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, arrived Monday night. Minister Harris called upon the Admiral to extend a welcome to Austria and to Europe, and the next day this call was formally returned. To this exchange of visits, and to four or five others paid by the Admiral to the officials of Trieste and to the French and English consuls, the ceremony of the occasion was limited. An informal banquet given ashore by Minister Harris, and confined entirely to American officials and the *Olympia's* officers, and a second one given aboard the flag-ship, and even more restricted as regards the number present—these have been the only outward and visible signs by which the Triestini have been enabled to gauge their visitor's importance. And as for the Americans, neither at the dinners nor during the official calls has the Admiral let fall a single word which the most ingenious mind could twist into an opinion upon the political or international problems of the United States.

Even in this sleepy corner of the Adriatic, however, the amateur and the professional photographer combine to furnish him a proof that there is no rest for the weary. His objection to posing before the camera has grown in these recent months from something a little stronger than reluctance to the proportions of direct refusal. But his footsteps are checked by the click of the kodak, and at every street corner there is a levelled camera waiting to snap at him as the carriage passes. At present the experience is more of a novelty than a nuisance, and the Admiral is greatly amused at the assiduity with which he is thus pursued. If he knows the photographer by sight, he calls from his carriage or his barge: "Hello! At it again?" or, "Did you get a good one?"

Already the mail which pours in upon the Admiral has grown to appalling proportions. Every tenpenny newspaper rhymester who has written four stanzas entitled "The Man that Swept the Sea," or "Dewey's Daring Deed"—these are actual titles—encloses his little clipping in a four-page letter, in the hope of an autograph reply; and equally indefatigable is the fond parent of George Dewey Smith and Georgina Dewey Jones. "More than a thousand children named after me!" says the Admiral. "Think of it! Isn't it awful?" But he keeps all their photographs, if it is any consolation to the parents to receive this assurance.

Ashore the streets are full of bluejackets. From a conversational stand-point the combination of a Yankee tar who speaks no language but his own, and that in a fashion peculiar to himself, and a Dalmatian street peddler with pipes, cigarette-holders, and red slippers for sale, and no knowledge of any rational tongue—from a conversational stand-point this is a thing of wonderful and fearful complexity. But the bluejacket is usually the victor, and bears off the trophy in exchange for about half the price originally asked. But whatever their enjoyment of the pleasures of Trieste, the *Olympia's* crew are unanimous in their eagerness to reach New York. Meanwhile the time is beguiled by one standard jest—to clap a comrade on the shoulder and say, "Are you a hero?" "Oh yes, I'm a hero!" is the inevitable reply.

To return once more to Admiral Dewey: his plans are known to himself alone. He has cultivated, it would seem, the art of effectually keeping his secrets, and until a particular move is made no one is able to say what the move will be. There is some talk of his taking the ship to Greece, thence to Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Gibraltar, and so home; and if this is not exactly, it is at least approximately the programme.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Eruption of Mauna Loa

AT three o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July terrific explosions were heard at the Volcano House, and almost simultaneously the country was lit up by one of the grandest displays of subterranean light ever witnessed in the Hawaiian Islands. The hotel guests instantly divined the meaning of the sudden outburst, and rushed for the verandas, looking for the cause in the old crater of Kilauea. Instead of Kilauea belching forth, it was seen that the crater of Mokuaweoweo, on Mauna Loa, was afire, that molten streams of lava were being thrown into the air for hundreds of feet, and upon dropping had formed two swift rivers of the fiery mass, one flowing rapidly towards the town of Hilo, and the other in the opposite direction towards Kohala. The crater proper was not in eruption, but great holes had been blown out of the side of the mountain at an elevation of 11,000 feet above sea-level, from which the seething streams were flowing at the rate of about forty feet per second. The ground was shaken continuously by explosions at short intervals, while the roar of the escaping molten fire was so loud as to drown out all other sounds. Pele, the Goddess of Volcanoes, is supposed to dwell in the crater of Mauna Loa, and whenever an eruption occurs in any other part of the world, the Hawaiian natives say, "Pele is visiting."

An expedition was instantly formed, but for reasons of safety it was not deemed expedient to begin the ascent towards the crater until it was definitely ascertained whether or not old Kilauea would also break forth, and not until July 6 did the first party leave for the actual scene of the disturbance. They endured hardships without number in approaching the belching cones and the dangerous streams of lava, which would suddenly change their course, and, in one or two instances, almost swept one party away. The news of the eruption was brought to Honolulu by the inter-island steamer *Kinau*, and the city was thrown into a fever of excitement. Every available steamer was at once chartered, and dozens of expeditions at once repaired to the scene of the grand volcanic Fourth-of-July celebration. The first authentic reports of the eruption have just been brought to Honolulu. They state that the lava is shot forth from the rapidly growing cones at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, flowing away swiftly towards the base of the mountain, where three separate streams are formed. This rate of speed, however, diminishes rapidly after a run of a few miles, on account of the mass cooling by contact with the cold air, after which the lava becomes sluggish in its movements.

The sheriff of the island of Hawaii, one of the first of the daring spirits to ascend the mountain, says:

> The eruption started at a point about three miles from the summit of Mauna Loa, and about two miles from the flow of 1880–1. There were two active fountains in violent eruption at the beginning of the disturbance, but one of these, the one nearest to the summit, has nearly ceased flowing. From the trail I had a perfect view of the belchers, and even from the lower level could see the lava boiling and swirling in the cone. At the point where the eruption first broke forth there had been no mound, or small crater even; now it is exceedingly large, and growing rapidly, the walls already being built up to about one hundred and fifty feet.
>
> Already the flow has gone a distance of twelve miles; the present end of the flow is moving slowly, as the lava piles up in great ridges, like an ice-pack, and this forms a tremendous tunnel. At intervals of a half-mile or so this crust breaks through from the top and a fresh flow is started. This present outbreak affords a wonderful experience, even to those who have experienced previous flows from this magnificent crater, and, in my opinion, the scene is the most thrilling that has been witnessed here in many years.

An adventurous attorney of Hilo had an experience with the lava flow which he is not likely to forget in his lifetime. He went ahead of his party, across the new flow where the surface had hardened, and got to a place where he could neither go ahead nor return to a place of safety. There was fire raging and boiling all around him, fresh breaks occurring in the ridges, until at times he almost succumbed to the heat. Luckily he discovered a high mound, and lay down there, with his canteen under his head, awaiting developments. The heat was terrific, and increasing with every fresh break. His friends watched the apparently doomed man, unable to render him the slightest aid. After waiting a considerable time, every moment of which was an agony to his companions and an eternity to the threatened victim, the lava cooled down in one place sufficiently for him to race over the thin crust. This feat was happily accomplished without serious results.

Albert P. Taylor.

Honolulu, H. I., *July 20, 1899.*

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

Preparatory Hints, Bathing, Clothing, Habits, Fresh Air, Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.—[*Adv.*]

"*Be gay and happy still*"—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, gives the health that insures happiness. Test the best tonic. All druggists and grocers.—[*Adv.*]

Your dinner, if accompanied by Cook's Imperial Champagne, Extra Dry, will be digestible and satisfactory.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies take Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters when low-spirited. It brightens them up.—[*Adv.*]

Shakespeare wrote, "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings;" and later on Charles Dickens spoke of the American Cocktails as the eighth wonder of the world. The morning "after the night before" we must have a Gin Cocktail; before luncheon, a Vermouth or Plymouth for an appetizer; later on, the bewitching Manhattan or the seductive Martini, winding up with Whiskey, if he has promised his wife to come home early. Admitting that the cocktail is the national American drink, the question arises how to get the best.

The name of "HEUBLEIN," of Hartford, Conn., is at once suggested as the originator of the "all ready for use" Club Cocktails. The argument in their favor is that they are always the same in quantity of ingredients and quality of goods, that they are perfectly blended, and have been kept six months before bottling.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

The good name & good quality of

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

has caused many manufacturers to imitate them. They are now sold in tin boxes—10 for 10 cents; 50 for 50 cents. There are other tin boxes but no other little cigars as good—as clean—as desirable as "Acts." You can use them scores of times when you cannot stop to buy or smoke a cigar. You can carry them conveniently, as the box of 10 fits any pocket. Let us send you 50, post paid, for 50 cents—they will save you their cost.

The American Tobacco Co.,
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

HASKINS & SELLS,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS,
NO. 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia at rates of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be \$3; from Newark, N. J., \$2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., \$2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2, 3, 4, and 5, good to return until September 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 30, inclusive.

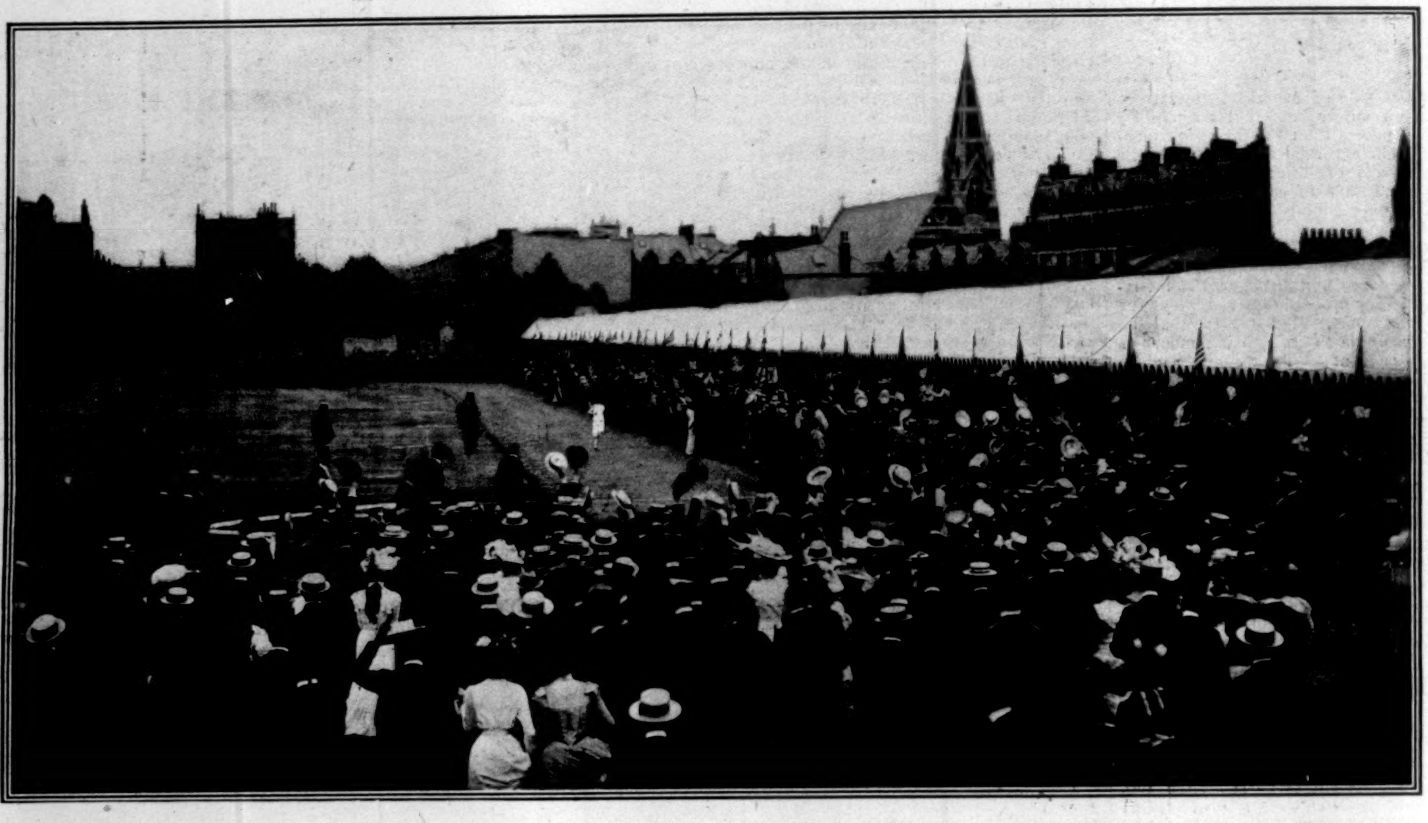
Side Trips.

Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battle-fields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.

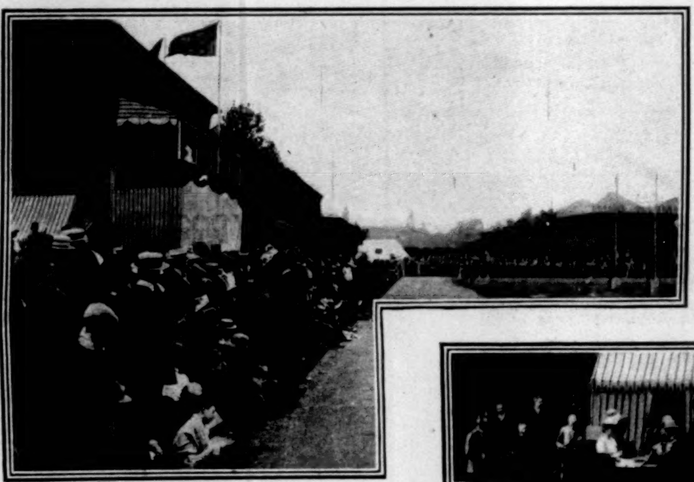
Harper's Catalogue

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage (ten cents).

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers



FINISH OF THE THREE-MILE RUN.



THE ROYAL STAND

VASSALL JUMPING.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE ROYAL PARTY.

MIDWAY IN THE QUARTER—BOARDMAN AND HOLLINS STRUGGLING FOR LEAD.

NEARING FINISH OF 100-YARD DASH—THOMAS LEADING.

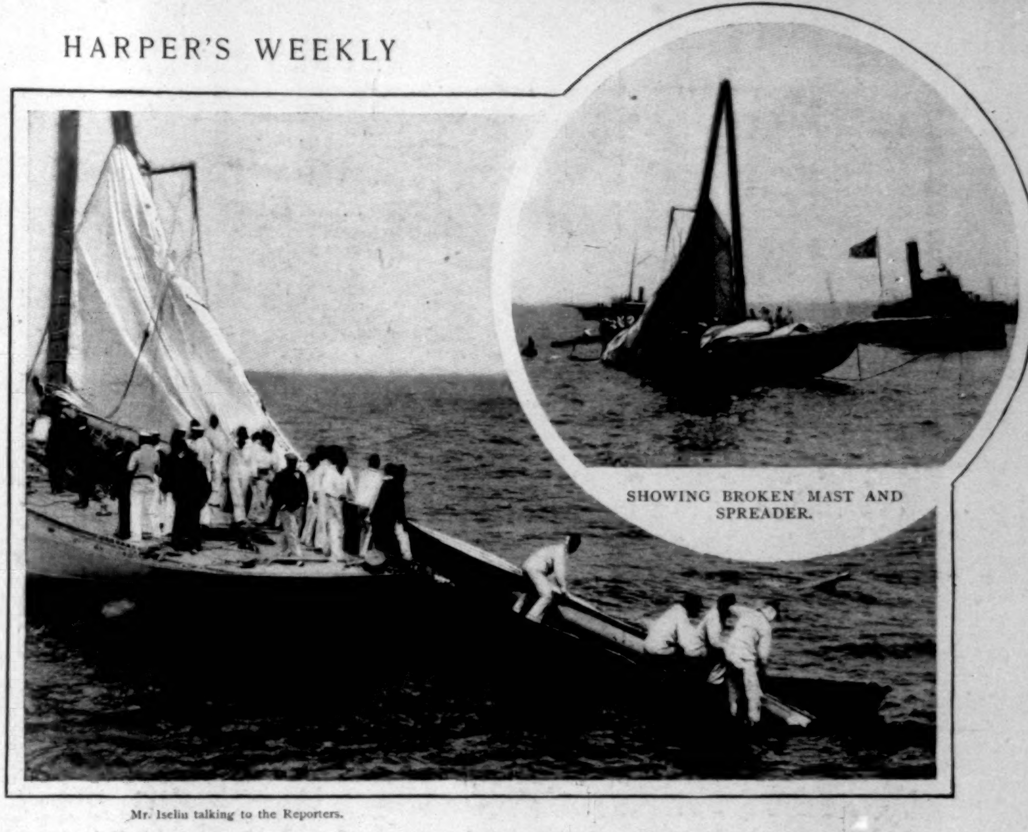
GRAHAM WINNING HALF-MILE RUN.

HUNTER WINNING ONE-MILE RUN.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD-YALE ATHLETIC MEETING, LONDON, JULY 22, 1899.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY HENRY W. TAUNT.—[SEE PAGE 799]

RT. HON. SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, G.C.B.



SHOWING BROKEN MAST AND SPREADER.

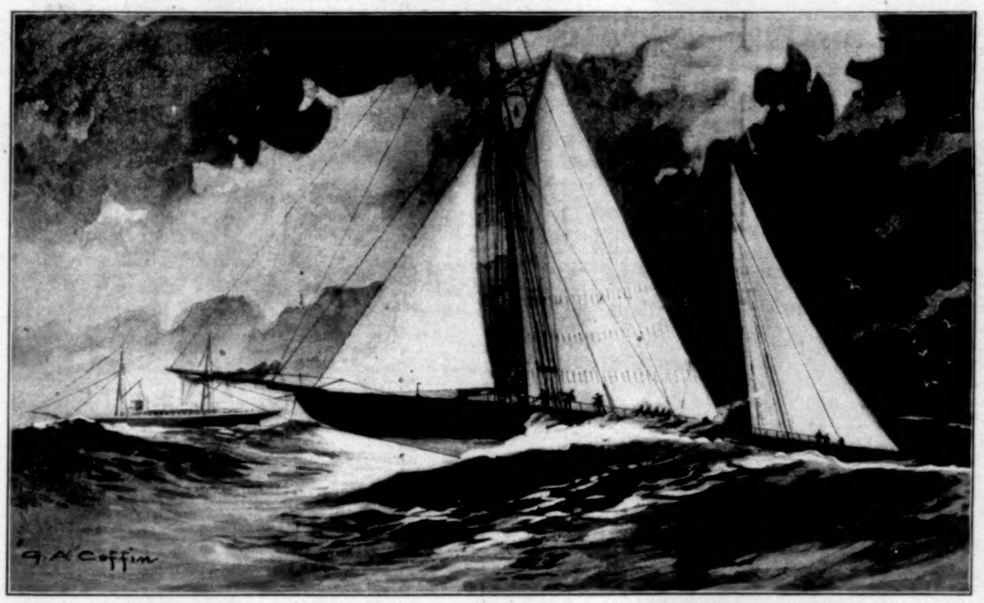
Mr. Iselin talking to the Reporters.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "COLUMBIA"—GETTING BOOM ABOARD.—[SEE PAGE 800.]

Photograph, Copyright, by N. L. Stebbin.

THE official announcement was made at the end of July that Sir Julian Pauncefote, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, would be elevated to the peerage. In the comments suggested to the press, both of America and England, prominence was given to the fact that Sir Julian was the head of the British delegation to the Peace Conference at The Hague, and that, owing largely to his influence, the result of the conference has been to establish a still closer friendship between the two great English-speaking nations. A certain degree of opportuneness is added by this reference, no doubt; still, there is more justice in the observation that a peerage is awarded at a certain point in a career such as Sir Julian's; that it constitutes a recognition of able public service.

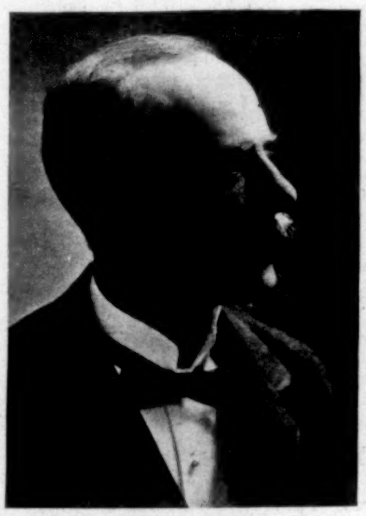
On April 2, 1889, Sir Julian was appointed to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States; four years later, when Congress acted upon the intimation that it was desirable to make diplomatic service at Washington more attractive, and provided for an exchange of officers of the higher rank, he became Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. At that time he had been for more than forty years advancing in the course which led to such distinction. In 1852 he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and a little later became private secretary to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1866 he was appointed Attorney-General of Hong-kong; eight years later he was transferred to the Leeward Islands as Chief Justice. He was knighted in 1874, and recalled to service in England as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1876 he became Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1882.



"SHAMROCK" CROSSING THE OCEAN.

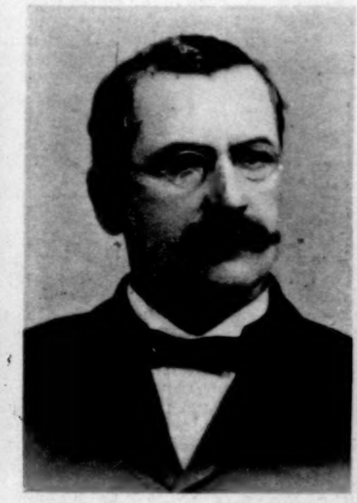
Governor Shaw

THE Republicans of Iowa, in convention last week, by acclamation nominated Governor Leslie M. Shaw for a second term, upon a platform practically of his own making, declaring strongly for gold-standard legislation. The present Governor is one of the best types of the American citizen. A New-Englander by birth, he has inherited something of the moral ruggedness and spirit of the Puritan, as witnessed in the strong stand he took against dancing, by refusing to give the usual inaugural ball. In early life he went to Iowa, where his manhood has been spent. At the age of twenty-three he entered Cornell (Iowa) College, worked his way through, studied law, and began its practice in Denison, a small town in the western part of the State, where his home still is. Later he became interested in the banking business. He was not known in politics until the campaign of 1896, when he made many speeches, discussing chiefly the financial issues. So ably did he support the cause of sound money that he was nominated for the Governorship the next year. In January, 1898, he was made permanent chairman of the International Monetary Conference held at Indianapolis, and became a most conspicuous figure at that memorable gathering. It was remarked by some who saw and heard him at this meeting that his manner, his readiness and skill in debate, and his care in handling men were suggestive of Lincoln. He leads a simple, unostentatious life, is a man of the people, thoroughly honest, broad-minded, large-hearted, and far-seeing. In the councils of the Methodist Church he is prominent, and is deeply interested in educational work and charities.

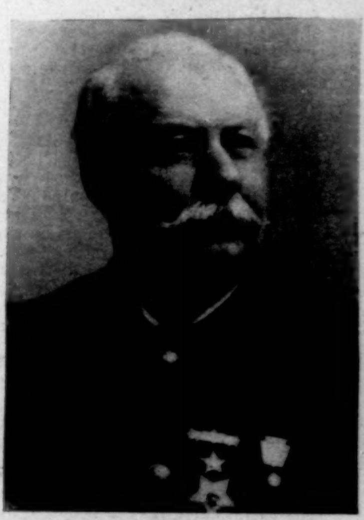


LESLIE M. SHAW,
Renominated by the Republicans for Governor of Iowa.

DR. L. T. SHEFFIELD,
President of the International Tooth Crown Company.—[See Page 805.]



GEORGE B. LOVING,
Head of the newly formed Cattle Trust.



COL. A. L. HAWKINS, U.S.V.,
10th Pennsylvania. Died July 18.
[See Page 785.]

THE EXODUS FROM NEWPORT NEWS CAUSED BY THE YELLOW-FEVER OUTBREAK.—DRAWN BY F. L. MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Yellow Fever at Hampton Roads

ON the afternoon of the 5th of July, Surgeon-General Wyman of the United States Marine Hospital Service, in conversation with a friend, referred with great satisfaction to the fact that there was not a case of yellow fever anywhere in this country. The remark attracted considerable attention because the fear had been so general that our more intimate relations with the West Indies would assure our getting a touch of the fever, if nothing more. Three weeks later the machinery of the Marine Hospital Service was called into full play to head off an epidemic which seemed to have got a start in a quarter where there had been least ground for apprehending anything of the sort—at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, famous as a health resort for persons from all parts of the United States.

The centre of this outbreak was the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Virginia, containing about 3500 inmates. It appears that an old soldier entered the Home early in July, intending to take a short rest, but soon applied at the dispensary for medical advice, and informed the officer in charge that he had recently come from Santiago, in Cuba, on an army transport, landed at a Northern port, and was on his way to San Francisco, for the purpose of embarking for the Philippines. Not much was thought of his story at the time, as his complaint seemed to be merely dumb chills and fever. After receiving treatment he disappeared. On the 21st and 22d of the month several inmates of the home, who were ordinarily in sound health, were seized during the night with chills and high fever. Others followed, until there were thirty-five apparently suffering from the same disorder. On the 28th one of them died, his skin first turning yellow in color. Then the recent presence of the soldier from Santiago seems to have flashed through every one's mind. The first suggestion was dengue fever; but when another died with the same symptoms, autopsies were held on both, which definitely identified the disease as yellow fever.

Unfortunately the discovery of the fever had been too late to prevent the free mingling of the inmates of the Home with persons outside, especially in the neighboring village of Phœbus. This place contains the proportion of dram-shops common in settlements on the edge of military camps and posts and soldiers' homes, and there many of the veterans were in the habit of going for drink and social recreation. A few, also, who had families, had settled them in Phœbus, and lived with them, going to the Home for their meals. The families, in turn, visited the stores in Hampton. A trolley road running from Old Point Comfort to Newport News carried a multitude of passengers back and forth whenever the weather was fine, and always through the heart of the possibly infected district. The conditions for a spread of an epidemic, if it could once obtain a sufficient foothold, were therefore never more favorable.

The suddenness of the announcement, and the number of cases under treatment when it was made, combined to create a feeling of panic among the sojourners at Old Point Comfort. Of permanent boarders there are always fewer in summer than in winter, but there was a considerable contingent of transient visitors at the Hygeia, Chamberlain, and Sherwood hotels; and when these persons discovered the situation, and realized its seriousness by the quarantine precautions adopted almost without notice, there was a hasty packing of trunks and rush for the steamer dock, which taxed severely the ordinary facilities for exodus. The hotels were closed at once and the help discharged. In Newport News a like alarm prevailed, and every train for several hours was crowded with fugitives, not a few of whom were too badly alarmed to carry away with them all the comforts they actually needed for travel. Norfolk suffered its share of the fright, and four thousand persons are said to have quitted the city within two days. Quarantine measures of the most rigid sort were adopted, cutting off communication with Newport News, Hampton, and Old Point Comfort. One adventurous party from Norfolk, which set out to rescue and bring in friends from the neighborhood of Hampton after nightfall, were discovered by a tug doing quarantine duty, and compelled to spend the night, with much suffering, in their little open boat on the water, and then were subjected to the most critical scrutiny before being allowed to land at Norfolk again. A few such instances, which were speedily noised around, had the effect of dampening the ardor of other persons tempted to break the quarantine rules.

On Sunday afternoon, August 6, Surgeon-General Wyman informed the writer that his latest reports showed a total of forty cases and eleven deaths at Hampton, and that, though experience had made him cautious, he felt strong hope that the disease was now under control and practically stamped out.

The Boycott in Cleveland

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *August 4.*

A BOYCOTT that is general in its operations and complete in its enforcement is the central feature of Cleveland life to-day, and has been so for more than a week. This boycott is instituted against the Big Consolidated Street Railway Company, and is the outgrowth of the strike of the employés of that company.

Cleveland is essentially a manufacturing city. That means that the majority of the people are working-men. The union sentiment prevails in laboring circles. The alleged wrongs of the union employés of the street-car company therefore fell on the ears of a public already well disposed to sympathize. Working-men generally, and the retail merchants of all classes, joined in the boycotting with little hesitancy. Persons who were at first inclined not to participate in the boycott were sent to Coventry. No retail merchant dares to ride on the cars of the boycotted company, or sell to persons who patronize the cars or to non-union men. An extensive system of spotting has been established by the boycotters, and persons are on the outlook at all hours of the day and night to detect persons who ride on the cars. If a man or woman is seen to alight from a car, he is followed home by a spotter, and all the merchants in the vicinity are informed of the fact, and notified not to sell goods to the person spotted, under the penalty of being boycotted themselves. Genuine sympathy for the strikers, coupled with fear of the results—loss of trade, etc.—if they do not join in the boycotting, has resulted in the boycott being complete up to the present time.

Herbert E. Murray, cashier in a large downtown jobbing house, patronized boycotted cars, with the result that since his first ride he has been unable to buy anything in the neighborhood of his residence. Two nights ago Mr. Murray strolled down the street several blocks from his home into a district where he thought he was unknown. Entering a café, he seated himself and ordered something to drink. The waiter looked at him, walked away, and did not come back. Waiters passed back and forth continuously, and to several of them Mr. Murray called, but no attention was paid to him. Eventually the head waiter asked him to leave, and informed him that, because of the boycott, he could not be served. Mr. Murray protested, went out, and sought another drinking-place, with the same result. On the following day Mr. Murray ordered a case of beer from a brewery, and it was delivered. Within an hour an agent of the brewery arrived and asked for the case of beer, offering not only to refund the price paid, but double the money. He said, in explanation, that the beer had been delivered under a misapprehension, and the company did not dare sell to a boycotted man.

On another occasion Mr. Murray dropped into the barber shop of Louis Schwelmer, 637 Quincy Street. Schwelmer refused to allow Murray to be shaved in the shop.

Mr. Murray's experience in buying groceries was interesting. He first ordered them of the groceryman near his home from whom his family had long purchased. He was refused. He sent in an order to a large downtown grocery-house, which declined to deliver the goods, but said that as an especial favor they would sell to Murray if he would send some one to the store. Ultimately he got them by sending to the city. A shoe worn by one of Murray's children needed slight repairs. The cobbler who usually did the Murrays's shoe-repairing refused to do the work unless paid four times his usual price. Murray's father, who resides with him, was in need of a plaster for his back. An attempt was made to purchase one in three drug-stores, without success, each druggist refusing to sell, and Murray senior went without the plaster.

William Melvin, a grocer, whose place of business is located on the southeast corner of Pearl and Clark streets, said that every merchant on the south side has decided not to sell goods to persons patronizing the cars.

"When a person who has been 'spotted' comes in here and wants to make a purchase," said Mr. Melvin, "I do not refuse to sell. I simply advance the price of my goods. I usually treble the price of every article, and no person that has come in here that has been 'spotted' has yet made purchases at my advanced prices.

GEORGE P. EDWARDS.

The Triumphal Arch

FORTUNATELY an enthusiasm for art among the members of the National Sculpture Society is to find its outlet in the general flood of welcome for Admiral Dewey. A happier combination could not be imagined; it is precisely this concurrence of the idealistic tendency and training with a great popular movement and a universal emotion which produces the most noble works.

On July 20 the special committee of the society just mentioned, which had been appointed to present to the city authorities the offer of the services of the professional members of the society, without charge, in preparing designs for the embellishment of the city on the occasion of the reception to Admiral Dewey, offered certain suggestions to the "Committee on Plan and Scope" of the Dewey celebration. And, first, it seemed advisable to "centralize the artistic effort," as the gentlemen of the committee expressed it; and that really meant that they had decided to spend every available bit of talent or genius or strength in the membership of their society upon a triumphal arch to be erected at the axis of Twenty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Expanding this idea, the suggestion was that the arch should be re-enforced by a line of columns extending on either side of Fifth Avenue from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth Street, and making a magnificent approach to the arch itself, which, designed on the lines of the well-known Arch of Titus, should be enriched with sculpture symbolizing our power as a maritime nation. The main idea of such sculptural enrichment should be a series personifying the call to arms, the fight, the return of the victors to their native land, and the resumption of their peaceful occupations by the volunteers. Above these should be portrait figures of naval heroes (not including our contemporaries), and the four spandrels over the main entrance should be filled with figures symbolizing on the one side the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and on the other side the North River and the East River. Surmounting the key-stone of the arch on either side should be a great eagle, whose wings should bear aloft an inscription embodying the city's welcome to Dewey; and above the apex of the arch should be a quadriga of sea-horses drawing a ship with a figure of Winged Victory at her prow. While the Arch of Titus is pierced but once, the location of this Dewey arch suggests that it should be pierced at its axis east and west by minor openings, as in the Arc de Triomphe at Paris. These openings should be flanked right and left with recumbent figures of lions, while, contrasted with these above the minor arches, two important alto-relief panels should intimate the peaceful objects with force and courage—the protection of our country and the advancement of civilization. At either end of the colonnade and on both sides of the avenue subsidiary groups should be placed, realizing such themes as the army and navy, the East Indies and the West Indies. It was also proposed to secure, by gas and electric illumination, the most decorative and artistic effect at night.

The admirable plan thus outlined was adopted. On July 27 a final report to the Committee on Plan and Scope contained a reference to the possibility of making this design a permanent adornment for some open place in the city.

Of course it became apparent that such an undertaking would involve an enormous amount of work; accordingly an emergency meeting of the sculptors was called, at which about twenty were present, and others were represented. When the roll was called for pledges of co-operation, all of these gentlemen pledged themselves without limit. It follows that, until October next, between twenty and thirty sculptors will devote their efforts, without pecuniary reward, to the realization of the design in all its details.

The World of Finance

THE apprehension in regard to the money situation that brought the June decline in the stock-market has been aroused again in Wall Street by the hardening tendency of rates for loans, both call and on time. There is this difference, however, that the exports of gold then gave additional cause for alarm, while now rates for exchange are well below the export price, and there has already been talk of a turn of the golden tide towards us. As the exports were made in a great measure because of special inducements offered by those who wanted the gold on the other side, it is altogether probable that they will endeavor to prevent a return flow. From the point of view of the "room trader," the higher rates for money that may be expected in the near future can only be used as an argument for lower prices, and in ordinary times his reasoning would be sound. These, however, are not ordinary times. It is only necessary to read trade reports and to study the bank clearances to see that money is no longer to be had on call at two per cent. and for six months at three per cent., because of the demand for its use in industries that are adding daily to the wealth of the country. Very little money is being spent in railway construction or in other enterprises that do not give immediate returns. Millions are being used, on the other hand, in increasing the output of our mines and manufactories, for whose products there is an unprecedented demand. More will soon be needed to move the abundant crops, for Europe will furnish a ready market for what we are willing to let her have. Almost without exception the railway earnings of the fiscal year just passed reflected the activity of trade, and the weeks of the new fiscal year show gains even over the figures of a year ago. Following close upon the advance in money rates in June came the uprising of labor in various parts of the country that disturbed confidence and caused the selling movement in which general declines were made, but the selling was done by the speculative element, and investors did not part with their holdings. While some securities may have been sold by institutions and capitalists who bought in the period of depression at much lower figures, and can now use the money to better advantage elsewhere, the prices for good investments are so high that no "gilt-edge" bonds are to be had that will pay more than four per cent. on the purchase price, and few that will make even so good a return. Even the three-per-cent. bonds of some of the older railroad companies command a smart premium, and the records of the Treasury Department show that the government threes issued as a war loan have gone largely into the hands of private investors, the list of registered holders increasing constantly. The same is true of the stocks of the railroad companies that have been regular dividend-payers, and there seems good basis for the expectation that higher prices will yet be seen, since increased earnings mean increased dividends.

A gratifying feature of the situation is the fact that the rivalry between the transportation lines is more friendly in character than it has been for many years. Carriage rates are low, but tariffs are well maintained, and there is little likelihood of disturbance from this source for a long time to come at least. It is gratifying to note also that there is a much better feeling between the railroad companies and the National Railroad Commission than has heretofore existed. The promise for the railroads this autumn is very flattering, for not only are they likely to have a large East-bound grain movement, but they will carry, in return, loads of miscellaneous freight that pays better than grain.

Already securities that have made no returns to their holders for years have resumed their places in the dividend list, and the list has been swelled further by new additions. As the old and favorably known stocks advance in price, their places in the speculative market will be taken by new candidates for favor. The unreasonable prejudice against the so-called industrials must give way before the record of earnings of those organized on a business basis, and such will become favorites again, as they were some time ago. In these the preferred stocks, as a rule, represent the value of the plant, and many of them are now paying very handsome interest on the investment. Unfortunately, many of the new companies were capitalized at absurd figures, and the collapse of such balloons was felt by all. The lesson was needed, and its salutary effect was seen in the check it gave to unscrupulous promoters.

Millions in Molars

ON Tuesday last the United States Circuit Court must have made Dr. L. T. Sheffield, the president of the International Tooth Crown Company, the happiest dentist in the country by giving him the verdict over a brother dentist, James Orr Kyle, in a test case involving millions. Briefly, Dr. Sheffield is a specialist in "crown-filling" and "bridge-work." The fact that dentists in general failed to pay him the amount of his annual license fees and royalties for the use of his system was the reason of his seeking his remedy in the courts, which resulted in a great financial victory for him. The patents having expired, the court decided that he should enjoy the pecuniary comfort of the royalties ungathered while the patents were in force. The legal contest was, in a certain sense, a case of cross and crown—the cross of defeat for Mr. Kyle, and the crown of victory for Dr. Sheffield. A Dr. Low of Chicago, having invented a system of "bridge-work," which is practically dental engineering, the West rejoiced in calling it the Low bridge, which became as popular a term out there in dentistry as upon the tow-path in New Jersey. In this way it came to Dr. Sheffield's ears, and he purchased Dr. Low's patent, and became what might be called at once the bridge king and the crown prince. It will be interesting to watch the doctor's chase after his so-called delinquent professional brothers, each one of whom may be as elusive as the proverbial eel, or even as the very gold with which they fill.

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Blue

Blue is the Dyspeptic
Blue is the Bottle

Rosy is the man after taking from the Blue bottle of

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